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MILTON H. BREN, Executive Producer • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star on the screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"HONOLULU" (wicky wacky wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.
Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

★ ★ ★ ★

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."

"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Miss Colbert's costume by courtesy of Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Lovers Courageous—A Photoplay Brevity . . . . . **Marianne** 13
The first of a new type of feature—a touching story of the Don Ameches

Play Truth and Consequences with Jean Arthur . . . **Katharine Hartley** 14
Photoplay finds a new way to make those stubborn stars talk

Melvyn of the Movies . . . . . **Howard Sharpe** 16
Beginning the vivid life of a rebellious youth—Melvyn Douglas

Hollywood Girls on Their Own . . . . . **Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.** 18
The fascinating inside story of filmtown's working girls

Love Finds a Dizzy Blonde . . . . . **Kirtley Baskette** 21
An off-screen "Boy Meets Girl" situation catches up with Marie Wilson

Close Up of The Groaner . . . . . **Claude Binyon** 22
Painted by a master is this hilarious picture of Bing Crosby

Shattered Commandments . . . . . **Adela Rogers St. Johns** 24
Another in the series of "Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood"

Symphony in Serenity . . . . . **Ruth Waterbury** 26
A portrait of a happy wife—Myrna Loy

Like Ferdinand—He Loves to Smell the Flowers . . . . **Sara Hamilton** 28
Revealing the sentimental side of a "tough guy"—Jimmy Cagney

Photoplay Fashions . . . . . **Gwenn Walters** 53
Bette Davis opens the fashion section of chic midseason costumes

Precocity Plus! . . . . . **Sally Reid** 65
Meet Juanita Quigley, Hollywood's newest scene-stealer

Romantic Recluse . . . . . **Gladys Hall** 66
The private life of a public hero—Ronald Colman

NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

The Camera Speaks:—

Photoplay Introduces Its New Color Photographer—Paul Hesse . . 30

Victorville Rodeo 34
Another Photoplay exclusive picture story

Fashions Just for Fun! 36
A gay revival of the styles of yesteryear

Catch-As Catch-Can 40
Candid calisthenics of stars with their eyes on the ball

Zaza 42
The studio decides what's right—and polite—for Miss Colbert

Boos and Bouquets 4

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 6

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop . . . . . **Carolyn Van Wyck** 8

Close Ups and Long Shots . . . . . **Ruth Waterbury** 10

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 45

The Shadow Stage 48

We Cover the Studios . . . . . **Jack Wade** 50

Fashion Letter 61

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood? 70

Choose the Best Picture of 1938 90

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BOOS AND Bouquets

With Wallace Beery to provide the fights and Florence Rice the fadeout kiss, Bob Taylor comes in for another de-glamorizing build-up in M-G-M's story of the bitter rivalry between stage-coach lines and pioneer railroads in "Stand Up And Fight"

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES: *beginning with the January issue, prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

MORE MORATORIUMS THE MERRIER

THANK heaven I've been to one picture show that set no example anybody could follow. Thank heaven for one show that featured no disaster or historical epoch. For we providers who have gone through the sixth year of the New Deal, along with a yellow fever epidemic, the Chicago fire, San Francisco earthquake, the French revolution, a simoon, a hurricane and a Texas stampede need a rest from calamity. We even enjoy a moratorium from wisecracks and the answers.

Yes, you guessed it. I'm talking about "You Can't Take It With You," the stage play that won Kaufman and Hart the Pulitzer prize and stuck another feather in Frank Capra's already befeathered cap when he turned it into about the best gol-durn moving picture of the year.

First about the settings. I figure everything in those three rooms at *Grandpa Vanderhof's* house cost about $150—that is if you leave out the fireworks. Then there were no orchids, no penthouses, no gin bills, no wardrobes, nothing to cost money but *Anthony P. Kirby's* duds, and of course being a banker, he paid for his and *Mrs. Kirby's* clothes. I liked this for it got my mind off overhead.

I like James Stewart who makes love so confounded easy. You don't have to worry whether he's got oomph or not, or if he made three flops, he'd be out. This chap just goes along being different people and letting the rest take care of itself—just like *Grandpa* said to do. Lionel Barrymore is like that, too, not afraid of Hollywood and flops. All this cast, including the raven, *Jim,* ought to have some kind of a prize.

I'll take back what I said about that example. When I left the show house with "God Bless Our Home" in its proper place, I refused to go back to the lumber yard for the rest of the afternoon. They said they got along just as well without me . . . like *Grandpa Vanderhof* said they would.

K. M. VAUGHN,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

MAYBE WE'RE PUNCH DRUNK

YOU are the most attractive movie magazine and the one which can really have effect on movie trends. So why don't you champion some real honest-to-goodness emoting on the screen? When girls cry, they don't sound the way the girls I know do when they cry—it is always a well-bred sniffle. Not since Clark Gable manhandled Norma Shearer and Jimmy Cagney pushed that grapefruit in Mae Clark's face have the actors been anything but gentlemen or else dyed-in-the-wool villains.

It must be against some movie law for a man to look as though he'd like to make more than a halfhearted pass at some luscious dame like Hedy Lamarr or Andrea Leeds. Sure, I know that the movies have cut down on bad taste, thanks to Will Hays and the League of Decency, but that ought not to keep actors from being human enough to kiss Myrna Loy longer than five seconds. Wouldn't you like to see someone act like Jean Harlow, when she was an obvious, but thoroughly satisfying wench in her screen rôles?

Your campaign for simplicity helped bring movie audiences pictures like "Four Daughters." How's for promoting us a little more punch and reality?

BOB FINLAY,
Glen Allan, Mass.

REELING AND 'RITHING AND 'RITHMETIC

I WANT to say something about my very special favorite, Deanna Durbin. I am a young fellow, eighteen years old, and am simply, uncontrollably nuts, foggy, goofy, and else-what over this nightingale of the fillums.

I recently became a member of the Deanna Durbin Devotees and have been doing nip-ups ever since I received my card of membership, which I carry with me always.

Why shouldn't I like her? When a guy depends upon the movies for entertainment, he wants the movies to give it to him. Deanna Durbin gives it to me—right smack-dab between the eyes and the surrounding territory of my heart. Her freshness, vitality, youthful loveliness and extreme beauty are unsurpassed.

I heard Deanna when she made her debut on the Eddie Cantor hour and, when Eddie said she was only thirteen, I was ready to call him a fibber. Who ever heard of a thirteen-year-old singing "Il Bacio" with a voice like that? But, a thirteen-year-old did sing "Il Bacio" and with a voice like that too!

A columnist recently said "Hollywood is a place where: Deanna Durbin gets bad marks in arithmetic." I knew we had something in common!

So, I'd like to meet Deanna for the following reasons—to see if she is as natural off screen as on, to see if she is as lovely off as on and to have a real talk with her.

What would she and I talk about? Arithmetic, of course!

ARTHUR G. BARRETT,
Norfolk, Virginia.
(Continued on page 84)

THE KENTUCKY OF GREAT TRADITION HAS INSPIRED A GREAT PICTURE . . . *IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF TECHNICOLOR!*

Proud romance . . . beautiful women . . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!

Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG · RICHARD GREENE

and WALTER BRENNAN · DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE

KAREN MORLEY · MORONI OLSEN

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler · Associate Producer Gene Markey · Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote · From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE

	Page
BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners	48
COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists	88
DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners	48
DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M	88
DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-U. A.	48
EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox	88
FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M	88
HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners	49
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Colonial-Paramount	88
LITTLE TOUGH GUYS "IN SOCIETY"—Universal	88
OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M	88
PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox	88
PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio	88
PRISON WITHOUT BARS—Korda-United Artists	88
PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M	48
RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount	49
SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount	88
SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal	88
SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M	88
SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M	88
STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic	88
SWING THAT CHEER—Universal	88
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox	49
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount	88
THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia	49
TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists	48
UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox	49

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Brief Reviews

Glorifying the transcontinental air derbies in 20th Century-Fox's "Tailspin," Alice Faye and Kane Richmond continue to float through clouds even when grounded

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper this time with a family who becomes rich overnight and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, foils the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (*Nov.*)

★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

Compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the best crime picture since "Scarface." It is the uncompromising story of two friends—one a gangster (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O'Brien)—and their influence for good or evil on a gang of young toughs (The "Dead-eaders"). Has to be seen to be appreciated. (*Jan.*)

★ ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount

With this simple, often comic, homespun anecdote of an itinerant printer, Bob Burns' resemblance to Will Rogers becomes even more apparent. Fay Bainter is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from politicians; Jean Parker and John Beal are heart to heart and Irving Cobb is immense as the village constable. Family fare. (*Dec.*)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical producer who tries by hook and crook to keep his troop of beauties in Paris one jump ahead of the police. Joan Bennett, Mary Boland and the Yacht Club Boys supply the fun. (*Jan.*)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish vagary about crooks and smart-alec brats, as the vapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a parent laugh at the wrong moment. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Bradley Metcalf) are happily chosen and do well. (*Nov.*)

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick with a cleaver. Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years not knowing the War has ended, emerges to visit his pal Hardy, married to Minna Gombell. The fun is immediately on. (Pat Ellis is wasted.) (*Nov.*)

BLONDIE—Columbia

Beginning a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie;* Arthur Lake, the frustrated, misunderstood husband, *Dagwood;* Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling;* Gene Lockhart, *Dagwood's* boss. Be sure to take the kids—you'll all laugh. (*Jan.*)

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys near Omaha, Nebraska by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan, this depicts the triumph of one man's faith in Providence and human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of *Father Flanagan* and Mickey Rooney runs a close second as the incorrigible *Whitey.* Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (*Nov.*)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old figure-skater Irene Dare make her screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen's singing pictures. Bobby, at this point a Mennonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice-skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely saccharine as Bobby's mother. (*Nov.*)

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three cadets at Virginia Military Academy departs from the usual style of campus drama. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas—wimmen (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is jake at the end. A honey. (*Jan.*)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney and Bill Henry, perennial college seniors, scamper around, but the plot centers about Hank Luisetti, basketball star, who proves that athletics belong in any college curriculum. (*Dec.*)

★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychoanalyst, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the best dance routines the couple has ever invented, soar the lovely lilting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (*Nov.*)

★ CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel emerges as a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stews in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later regenerated by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sure finesse of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it doubly important for you to see this. (*Jan.*)

★ DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the *Jones Family* continue the attempt to catch Americana on the screen and succeed admirably. The family's divertissements on *Aunt Ida's* farm are enlivened by a cornhusking, an election and various country activities that should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.) (*Dec.*)

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The five little Quints toddle about, squeal and sing cunningly; the story about a faked birth of sextuplets is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Hersholt make up the cast. (*Jan.*)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—no football game! Instead, it deals with a student group who institute "flunk insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus-girl co-ed, William Lundigan, the freshie leader. Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jitterbug. (*Nov.*)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this rises no higher than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (*Nov.*)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the primrose path, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (*Nov.*)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobbish school. Nan Grey is the meanie, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (*Dec.*)

GLADIATOR, THE—Columbia

This time Joe E. Brown wins $1500 in a bank night, goes to college, tries out for the team with the help of a professor who injects him with a new serum which gives Joe superman strength. Then the riot starts. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the hilarity. For Brown fans. (*Nov.*)

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (*Jan.*)

★ GREAT WALTZ, THE—M-G-M

To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss' best loved waltzes, the colorful story of the great Viennese composer's life is transferred to the screen with Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife. Miliza Korjus recent foreign import sings like the proverbial lark. Outstanding photography and direction. (*Jan.*)

HARD TO GET—Warners

No problem play this, but fair amusement provided by a new cineromantic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a madcap heiress, Dick a gas station attendant. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick scarcely sings a note—which is news. (*Jan.*)

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

The first of the fall football collegiate musicals, this is good if giddy entertainment. John Barrymore (swell) is the governor who wages his campaign on the gridiron; Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide the romance; Joan Davis and Jack Haley add the comedy. (*Nov.*)

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'em Dewey" is Hollywood's latest clarion call. Here you get a film translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his usual cyclonic style. Otto Kruger is suave as the vice baron, Wendy Barrie top-notch as a "moll." (*Nov.*)

(*Continued on page 89*)

HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!

They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!

WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN

as the adventurous leader of

"The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE
DAVID NIVEN
DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Sally Eilers, starring in RKO's "Tarnished Angel," is a perfect example of what the new "up" coiffure does for piquant features such as hers. What's more, she tells you how she achieves that soft, graceful effect in back

Treat yourself to a brand-new face with these skillful make-up tricks borrowed from Hollywood's glamorous

THE BEAUTY RACKET—"Beauty is a racket and every woman is a gangster in this particular racket," said lovely Irene Dunne, who is not my idea of a gangster at all.

Irene and I had been discussing the weather, of all things, and how it affected one's skin, when she suddenly made the above statement.

"Well, you need protection," she explained. "Every woman knows from childhood that beauty is necessary in order to obtain the things she wants from life. I don't mean that you have to have a perfect face or figure. That isn't anywhere near so important as a clear skin, shining hair and perfect grooming. Any woman can be beautiful if she has those assets. And, as in any other racket, you have to have protection. In this case, you have to protect your skin and hair and hands against the weather. Against wind and cold or too much sun. That's what I mean," she finished triumphantly.

"One's complexion is the most important, of course," Irene went on, while I noticed that hers was as soft and smooth as a baby's. "A good foundation cream is an absolute necessity because it makes your make-up go on more smoothly and last longer. It's also a great protection against dust and the drying effects of wind or cold. The use of softening creams at night also protects the skin and keeps it soft.

"Shining, healthy hair is something that any girl can have. There's no reason at all for anyone to have dry, unruly hair when hair can be protected against dirt by frequent thorough shampoos or the use of cleansing tonics between shampoos. And brushing and massage will keep it shining."

If your hair is dry, protect it by oil treatments to bring back its natural luster; if it's oily, try one of the many astringent tonics on the market.

IRENE says that lip rouge is part of the protection, too, because it helps keep the lips from drying in cold weather. At night, smooth a little white vaseline or a rich cream into your lips to keep them soft and supple. If you find that your lipstick won't go on smoothly because your lips

are chapped or dry, rub a little cream on them before wielding your lip rouge. You'll find it's a great help.

"Your hands need protection against dryness, also," Irene continued. "Never use a harsher soap for your hands than you would for your face. Protect them by being sure to wipe them thoroughly dry.

"While you're drying them, smooth back the cuticle of your nails to keep them in shape. And always use a hand lotion after they've been in water.

"It's a good idea, too, to rub a rich emollient cream into your hands at night about once a week and leave it on all night. Wear a pair of soft loose gloves when you go to bed so the cream will have a chance to soak into your hands and not into the sheets.

"Hands give away a woman's age quicker than any other one factor, so it's up to every girl to see that hers are always soft and young-looking. She's protecting herself that way."

Irene glanced over at a corner of the set where they were getting ready for the next scene. "They'll need me in a minute," she said hastily, "but don't forget that you have to protect the skin against hard water when you take your bath, too. Use softening crystals in the water or some of those marvelous creams that you smooth over your whole body before the bath. They're wonderful afterward as well, to keep the skin soft."

She got up to leave, then remembered something else. "Oh, and be sure to use a softening cream or lotion on the elbows, so they won't be roughened or red when you wear short sleeves or evening gowns."

When you see "Love Affair," in which Irene is co-starring with Charles Boyer at RKO, you'll see how well she has protected herself against all weather depredations.

NEW HAIR-DO—Sally Eilers wasn't on the set of "Tarnished Angel," her new starring picture at the same studio, but I found her down in the portrait gallery and when I saw her new hairdress I immediately demanded some portraits of it so you could see how very smart and attractive it is and perhaps copy it for yourself. The hair is brushed high off the ears, of course, and then piled in soft rolled curls. The lower back hair is divided in half. One half is swept across the back of the head and the ends curled into a soft roll. Then the other half is brushed across that, curled in the same way, and kept in place by a rhinestone pin.

Combing your hair across the back of your head in this manner gives your hair a softer and more graceful effect than if it's brushed straight up to the top of your head. Notice Sally's new earrings too. They follow the curve of her ears in the most approved modern fashion

(Continued on page 81)

OUT of the stirring glory of Kipling's seething world of battle they roar—red-blood and gun-smoke heroes all! . . . The stalwart, loyal, swaggering Sergeants Three . . . Rash and reckless battalioneers, who'd rather fight than find the lips they're always seeking! . . . Like towering giants astride the bristling hills that hide the bandit hordes of India . . . Headlong through the terrors of the Temples of Tantrapur . . . Onward pushing the thin red line of Empire through a land the white man rules, but never conquers! . . . It's big! It's grand! . . . It's glorious! . . . No wonder it was more than a year in the making . . . No wonder it taxed all Hollywood's resources to give the screen a scope and a sweep and an emotional blaze that it never has had before! . . .

DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU FROM SEEING IT!

THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY!

WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES !!!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Things to cheer about in 1939—the steady growth of Jackie Cooper and . . .

. . . the spectacular triumphs of Producer Hal Wallis (above, with two of the famous Lanes)

Ruth Waterbury

BY RUTH WATERBURY

HAPPY NEW YEAR, PHOTOPLAY readers . . . I write you that with the great surety that for all of us who love Hollywood and its people and its product a happy New Year will come true . . . I know the things that PHOTOPLAY itself has in store for you and even if I had been given no glimpse into the new films to come, as I have, I could yet tell you that great pleasure lies ahead for you on the basis of the year that has passed. . . .

For in a world beset by worries, darkened by the threat of war and bruised of heart through the oppression of innocent peoples, Hollywood itself has remained the one spot where the dream of happiness has gone on . . . not that that town has been without its troubles . . . the loss of the European market has meant that the margin of safety that lay before between possible failure and fair success has been quite wiped out . . . labor difficulties have arisen, making production more expensive and more precarious . . . yet, week after week, the great pictures have come out . . . "That Certain Age" . . . "The Cowboy and the Lady" . . . "Submarine Patrol" . . . "The Sisters" . . . "Four Daughters" . . . "Men With Wings" . . . "The Citadel" . . . products of no one company or no one star . . . but of all the companies and of all the stars combined . . . the successful efforts of a great industry to provide laughter and romance and the surcease of tender tears. . . .

You go one night and you see the discovery of a Nancy Kelly; you go another night and watch, as though he were your own son or brother, the steady, sincere growth of young Jackie Cooper . . . you worry and hope that Mickey Rooney won't get too cocky . . . you sigh with delighted relief when little Miss Temple comes round again and is still just as much of a darling as ever . . . you speculate as to whether Mr. Boyer can possibly be as sultry at home as he is on the screen . . . or Mr. Gable as debonair . . . or Mr. Taylor as handsome . . . such glittering people of all ages and moods to be a dream family for all of us . . . if they have their troubles, they are mostly hid from us, for which our thanks . . . for it is more fun to think that all this glamour and glory happen quite by chance . . . though nothing could be less true. . . .

THERE was a time, though, when it was true . . . when big, successful pictures just happened . . . when things were left to inspiration and to chance . . . and there are those people still about Hollywood who sigh and say that the "color" is gone . . . I think that is so silly . . . today's color is different, but a more vivid, brighter, truer color for all that. . . .

I thought of this a few weeks back when it was announced that Adolph Zukor, the guiding head of Paramount pictures, was leaving his production post in Hollywood to go to Europe . . . I thought of Zukor, really a figure of Hollywood's past, in contrast to a man like Hal Wallis, a typical personage of today's Hollywood. . . .

It was nearly thirty years ago that Zukor got his first and greatest inspiration . . . that of signing the then greatest actress in the world, Sarah Bernhardt, to do a movie called "Queen Elizabeth" . . . that picture and that idea were the whole basis of the company that was to be called Famous Players and later Paramount . . . and that method, the sheer inspiration of an idea that came out of the nowhere into the here, is typical of the way that pictures have been made until very recently . . . Zukor was a fur salesman originally; Sam Goldwyn, one of the pioneers, was a drummer in gloves . . . men who came from the outside world into the business of showmanship . . . today the great figures of the industry, David O. Selznick, Darryl Zanuck and Hal Wallis, are men who have never known any other business than movies . . . and of these three it may yet be revealed that Wallis will be the greatest . . . for Selznick and Zanuck both have temperament and to spare . . . but Wallis works with a head as cold as ice . . . yet one thing he has always possessed to a passionate degree and that is his love of movies. . . .

He first started working in Chicago and he never had to think twice about what he wanted to do . . . he wanted to be a movie producer . . . but how that could be brought about he couldn't perceive . . . he knew one thing, though . . . movies had to go into theaters, so perhaps he could do tricks backwards . . . if he went into a theater he might get into movies . . . so he got himself a job in a Chicago movie house . . . he started as an assistant there but presently he was the manager, and as manager he learned everything he could about what people wanted in movies, and how and when, and as soon as he felt he had mastered as much as he could, he betook himself to Los Angeles. . . .

TO THE world at large Wallis is as yet little known, for until very recently he was almost completely hidden behind his bosses, the Warner

(Continued on page 84)

At Last!

YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

W. C. FIELDS
in
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McCARTHY

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

Silver goes south

. . . FEDERAL SILVER FOX, IDENTIFIED BY THE NAME FEDERAL . . . STAMPED ON THE LEATHER SIDE OF THE PELT

A new alliance for chic: casual, lightweight tweed and magnificent FEDERAL Fox, in a resort coat that is charted for another brilliant career, when spring comes north. Fashion puts the stamp of approval on the fox with the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of the pelt; it stands for sumptuous beauty and *lasting* loveliness. You'll find FEDERAL Fox at smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

He didn't move for a long time, just knelt there with a rosary in his hands . . . after a time he arose and came down the aisle . . . then turned and said, "Want some help, kid?"

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

LOVERS COURAGEOUS

The first of a new type of feature which presents the true Hollywood heart-beat in many moods—the touching story of the Don Ameches' lost dream

BY MARIANNE

THIS is the story of a movie star and of the strange week in which Fate brought me to know him, to know him better than most people, even though I am but a mere acquaintance. For I saw him as himself, not the smiling actor, but as a man who played a sad part. And I saw the revelation of a great love as it blossomed and grew from a lost hope.

In these paragraphs I shall tell you the simple but deep love of Don Ameche and Honore, his childhood sweetheart. It happened like this.

Once I saw a man kneel and pray, tears in his eyes. At least, I thought I saw tears, but I was crying, too, so maybe it was my own tears.

That was the day the doctors told me I would never walk again, not normally, at least, like other girls. So I had hobbled into the little chapel in the hospital to ask for a miracle, but he had my place at the Blessed Virgin's altar. So I sat in the dimly lit pew and waited for him to go away because I felt like being alone.

He didn't move for a long time, just knelt there with a rosary in his hands, not counting off the beads, merely holding it. After a long time he arose and came down the aisle, sort of blindly, brushing past me as though I were not even there. He went a few steps, then turned around and said, "Want some help, kid? . . . It was my first meeting with Don Ameche.

I said, "No, thank you," and started slowly down the aisle.

He appeared to hesitate for a moment, then asked, "Sure you can make it?"

I nodded, but he stood there until I had knelt in his place at the altar.

In the next few days, heartbreaking for the three of us, I saw unfolded before my eyes the great love story of Don and Honore Ameche—

(Continued on page 76)

A fascinating new kind of interview in which Jean Arthur answers questions truthfully—

PLAY TRUTH AI

WITH JEAN ARTHUR

1. (Q) If 100% is perfect, how do you rate yourself as an actress?
   (A) 25% of what I'd like to be.

2. (Q) What is your honest reaction to autograph hounds?
   (A) I realize autograph hounds are important to an actor's career, for they show her popularity with the public. I wish I could honestly feel as the late Will Rogers did—that the only thing to get bothered about autograph hounds is when they stop asking for autographs. But I can't—not honestly—for I'm easily embarrassed and I always feel that most of the autograph hounds are not interested in getting my particular autograph, but merely in adding to their collections. And sometimes when I'm with other persons who aren't in pictures, I feel it's bad manners on my part to delay them by keeping them dangling around while I sign my name.

3. (Q) Are you sorry you do not have children?
   (A) Yes, I'm sorry I haven't five.

4. (Q) Do you think you would make a good mother?
   (A) I don't know whether I would make a good mother or not—but I do know that I would take motherhood very seriously. I personally feel children should be treated like grown-ups—with tact, consideration, understanding, sympathy and love, and I'd have an awfully good time playing with them.

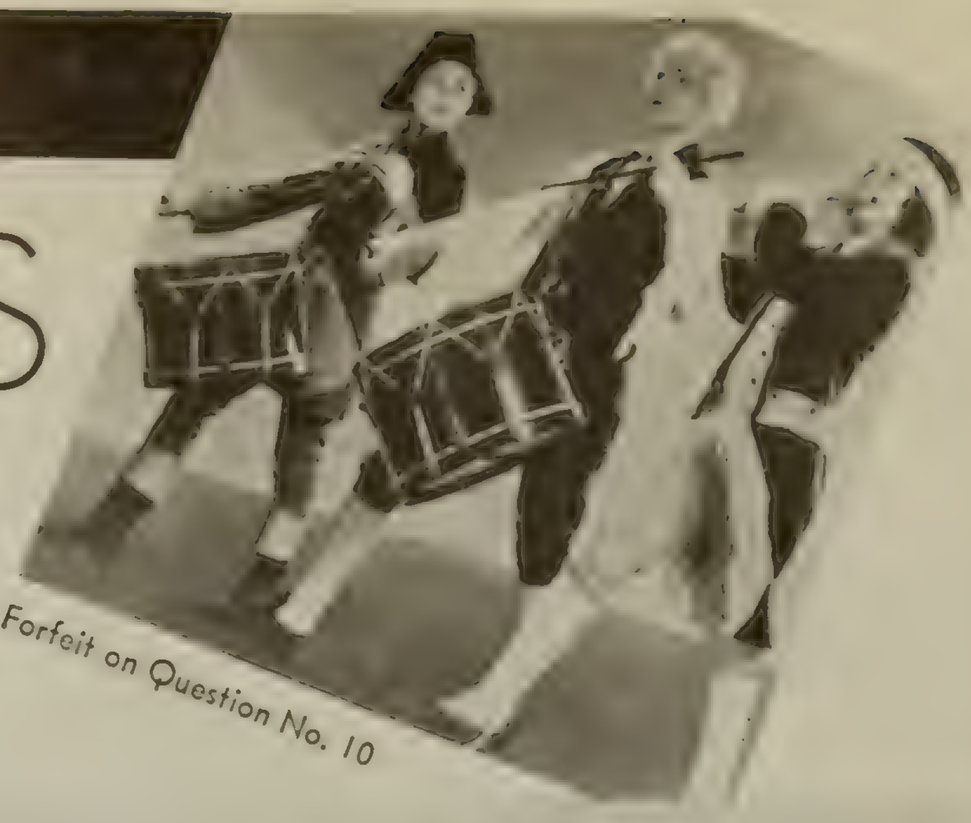
5. (Q) If you had your choice of selecting your own face and figure from a group of well-known female personalities, whom would you most rather resemble?
   (A) I can't decide between Katharine Cornell and Garbo.

6. (Q) In what way have you followed a fortune teller's advice?
   (A) I've never followed a fortune teller's advice for the simple reason I don't believe in them. Anyway, fortune tellers rarely give actual advice. They usually prophesy regarding the future

(Continued on page 72)

Leave it to Photoplay to find a new way to make those stubborn stars talk! Remember the hilarious days when you used to play the old game of Truth and Consequences? Someone asked you any question in the world, usually as personal as possible, and you had to answer with absolute truth or take the consequences devised by the questioner. Knowing Jean Arthur's weakness for fun, as well as her steadfast refusal to talk about personal matters, Photoplay's Katharine Hartley dared Jean to play the new version of this favorite old game. Jean agreed and out of fifty-four of the most impertinent questions you'll ever read, she failed to answer only six. So six times she had to take the consequences devised by Photoplay—and what consequences! They're all on the opposite page, each and every penalty there verified by a certified public accountant to be the real Jean Arthur

or pays a forfeit on each query she refuses to answer

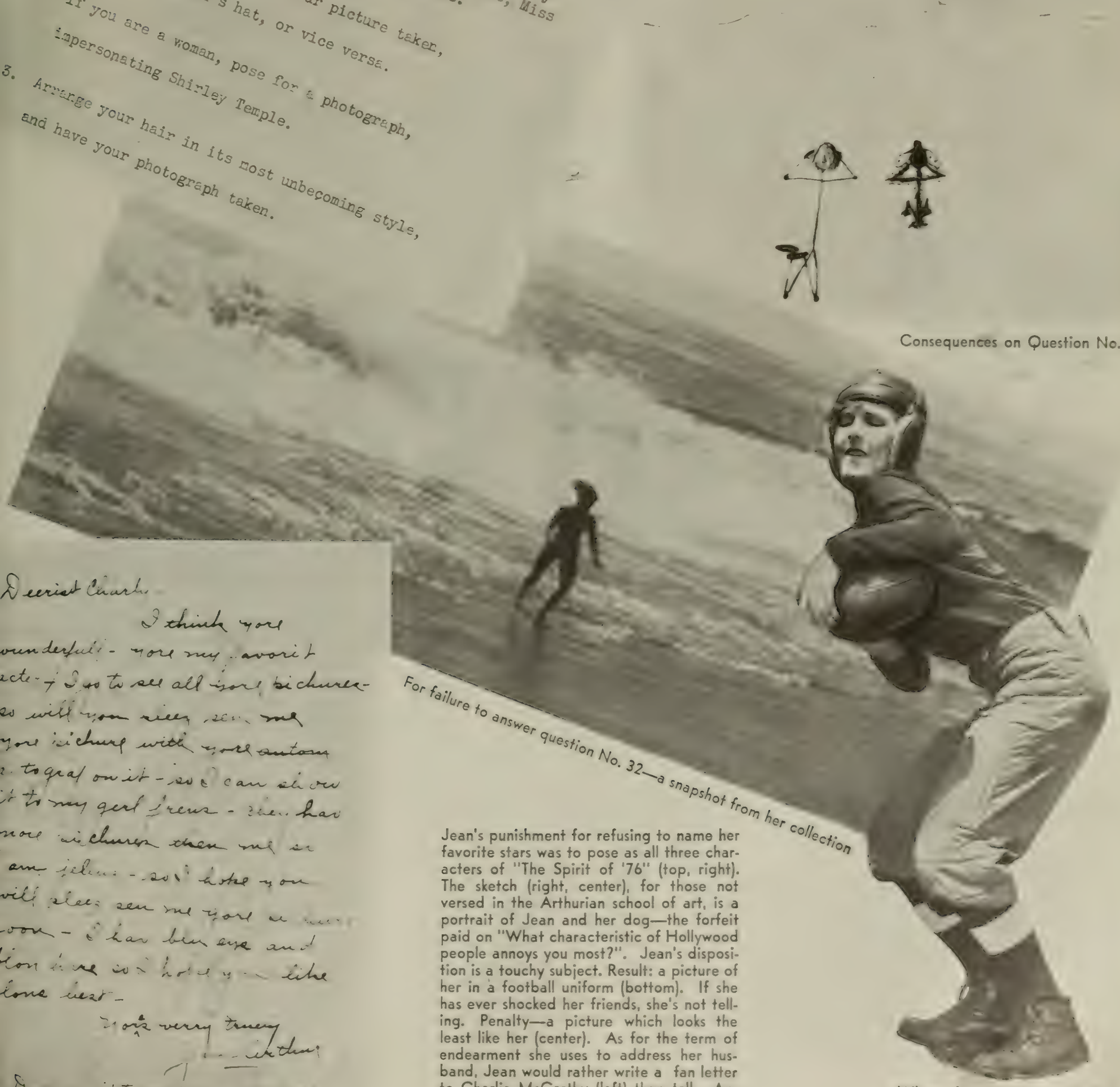
CONSEQUENCES

Forfeit on Question No. 10

The consequence on question No. 51 was fun for Jean

As a consequence for failing to answer question number 51, Miss Arthur was required to invent three consequences to be given to the next star with whom PHOTOPLAY will play this game. Rising to the occasion with great glee, Miss Arthur has outlined the following punishments:

1. If you are a man, have your picture taken wearing a woman's hat, or vice versa.
2. If you are a woman, pose for a photograph, impersonating Shirley Temple.
3. Arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style, and have your photograph taken.

Consequences on Question No. 15



For failure to answer question No. 32—a snapshot from her collection

Dearest Charlie -

I think you're wonderful - you're my favorite actor - I go to see all your pictures - so will you please see me - you're itching with your autom. to get on it - so I can show it to my girl friends - then I have more itchiness than me as I am itchy - so I hope you will please see me your a.... soon - I have been sick and I'm sorry I'm late - like some best -

Yours very truly
- itchy

P.S. Don't forget to see me soon -
soon please

Jean's punishment for refusing to name her favorite stars was to pose as all three characters of "The Spirit of '76" (top, right). The sketch (right, center), for those not versed in the Arthurian school of art, is a portrait of Jean and her dog—the forfeit paid on "What characteristic of Hollywood people annoys you most?". Jean's disposition is a touchy subject. Result: a picture of her in a football uniform (bottom). If she has ever shocked her friends, she's not telling. Penalty—a picture which looks the least like her (center). As for the term of endearment she uses to address her husband, Jean would rather write a fan letter to Charlie McCarthy (left) than tell. Another consequence (top) was meted out when Jean refused to name the leading man with whom she enjoyed working least

When the questions got too personal, Jean took the above punishment on No. 24 and the one far left on No. 39

Melvyn, at the age of two

Aged eight, after a year in Germany

At ten, he was a confirmed rebel

MELVYN OF THE MOVIES

A shatterer of conventions, a stormy petrel struggling for freedom —Melvyn Douglas. Beginning the vivid story of a rebellious youth

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE man's nervous fingers were not quite sure on the keys and the particular Chopin Nocturne he was playing thereby suffered. Still, the familiar chords were soothing; April sunlight came through the windows and struck notes of rich wine in the polish of the old square rosewood piano. From upstairs, a discordant wailing sound suddenly argued with Chopin over a passage and, involuntarily, Professor Edouard Hesselberg transposed to another key —the key in which the person you have come to know as Melvyn Douglas uttered his first cry on this earth.

It was symbolic, since here was the birth of discord—a brawny, lusty Discord who, even on the first evening of his life, proved his nonconformism by falling on his head from a nurse's clumsy arms and surviving with no perceptible injury, either mental or physical. It was a tough head. It still is. But perhaps the jolt it received on that night thirty-seven years ago dislodged the little normal scale which, in the brains of most men, weighs convention with convention to prove a stolid balance.

In any case young Melvyn turned out, to his parents' surprise and often to their horror, to be a renegade. He was not as other babies, nor as other boys. Often in the quiet night—Macon, Georgia at the turn of the century, was a peaceful town, especially after curfew—the professor and Lena (nee Shackleford), his good wife, would discuss this thing. They thought perhaps the child's mixed ancestry . . . Edouard was Russian-born; Lena had been a Kentuckian, with muddled English and harsh Scotch blood cooling her veins. The combination, felt these two artistic intellectuals, might be forming a strange alchemy of emotion and mentality in their son. They were wont to remember, wincing, during these discussions the trip to Europe they made when Melvyn was six weeks old. It was the first evidence that he was going to be a Trial. In persistent opposition to the rules most babies follow he had wept copiously and thrashed around in his basket all night, sleeping in peace throughout the day while the Hesselbergs, hollow-eyed, napped at noon and nodded at dinner.

That trip, agreed the Hesselbergs, had been hell. But they were optimists. Smiling hopefully, they planned to mold the boy and map his future and his ideas for him, as he grew older. "He will be a musician," Edouard would say, nodding his head and tapping his knees with his sensitive fingers.

"Or a lawyer," Lena would modify. She was a practical woman and she had been married for many years to a musician. "The law pays well."

The Professor had learned the habit of compromise. "He will make his own choice—"

She nodded. But neither meant it. They were people of a small world, of intense possessiveness. This son was a treasure to be nurtured with passionate care, to be shaped like modeling clay by ceaseless, watchful work; and the shell they built around him through the early years was of adamantine, made of too much love and too much solicitude and the deep-rooted belief of the Hesselbergs that a child must be a reflection of his parents, mindless, until manhood. Then, they seemed to feel, the personality of ego would spring into being suddenly, fully developed, at the stroke of noon on his twenty-first birthday.

Above, Melvyn's Kentucky-born mother and (right) his grandfather, Col. George T. Shackleford

Today, the sophisticated star of Columbia's "There's That Woman Again" is the product of the seventeen-year-old Melvyn (left) who knew what he wanted and how to get it

Melvyn's periodic attempts at rebellion were spasmodic, frenzied, like a chained animal that gathers strength over a period of time for a frantic struggle for freedom. And those attempts, in chronological order, are the story of his youth.

LATER—years later—when, in retrospect, he found time to assemble the reasons for what he was, for what he had become, he could remember many things that directly or indirectly had influenced him. The Macon house, furnished for comfort but not stylized. The big piano. Music his father made which frightened him, but which the Professor continued to play as an experiment because this new upstart composer named Igor Stravinsky might one day amount to something. His bed, which had fences around it. A verse which began, "Now I lay me down . . . " and had no meaning, but which he was forced to learn and repeat as a requisite for being tucked in. Moving to Nashville, Tennessee, then. A new house, a new bed: but the same piano, the same music, the same verse. School. Teachers in blouses and long straight skirts and knots of hair piled high with things Mama said were "rats." The never-to-be-forgotten cynicism about teachers and the sanity of teachers, therefore. Church, and the stained glass crucifixion from which he could never take his eyes, although the violent scene made a knot form in his stomach. . . .

The church had hard pews and a minister whose face and voice you couldn't forget. You asked mother about him and also about the pictures in the church and she explained that these things were God. They were frightening and uncomfortable, so you slipped away from His House one Sunday morning and betook yourself on your six-year-old legs to the more congenial corner drug store where, with your nickel for the collection, you purchased and drank soda.

And you were caught, and returned to the Father's House, and later to your own house, where you were spanked, which was bad, and talked to with tears, which was worse, and put to bed, which was escape. And, after that, you gave God His due—respect and a nickel. But you wondered.

There was being eight, finally, and going to Germany for a year. School in Germany, and confusion. Where before there had been a striped flag, and "I pledge allegiance"—there was now a being named Wilhelm, who was either God or the president. And none of the kids knew English. You ate heavy, different food and watched magnificent parades in which men with spiked helmets marched stiffly, like lifeless mechanical men, down the street. All of them stepped too high with one leg only. And you were just getting used to all this when suddenly you were back in Nashville once more, and Germany was a colored patch on a map, and you were an American again.

There was being eleven, and a clearer conception of things, so that moving to Toronto,

(Continued on page 74)

HOLLYWOOD GIRLS ON THEIR OWN

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

The fascinating inside story of those Hollywood working girls—how they live and the special problems they face

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

She would be, anywhere but in Hollywood, the most popular girl in town, but here her problem is one in common with every bachelor girl—star, extra, writer, manicurist

FIFTY thousand girls are on their own in Hollywood today—more than in any other town in the world. What is the inside story of these girls? How do they live? How do they support themselves? What do they spend for their homes, their dresses, their hats, their shoes? How do they handle their "dates"? Do they say good-by to the men at the door of their apartments or invite them inside—and what are the consequences? What special sex problems do they encounter that are different from those encountered by girls the world over?

With the many girls who come to Hollywood with their families or are under the protecting grace of husbands, this story is not concerned. It is written about the girls who stand on their own feet and support themselves through their own efforts.

* * *

There are four types of girls on their own in filmtown—the girls who act, including stars, featured players, bit players and extras; girls in technical jobs, writers, script girls, designers, publicists; the people on the fringe of the industry, professional escorts, hostesses, companions and guides; and the great mass of working girls including waitresses, beauty parlor operators, cashiers, manicurists, maids and cooks. And all of them have one urgent problem in common—the scarcity of eligible Hollywood men.

Hollywood men, all four groups say, are spoiled. You often hear that Hollywood is a woman's town, but paradoxically enough, just because it is a woman's town—there are seven women in Hollywood to every man—it's really a man's town. The result is, Hollywood girls, no matter what their status, are easy to date. A man who in his own home town wouldn't get a second glance may come to Hollywood and if he's a moderate success and earns $100 a week or more, he may eventually be taking out a glamour girl who earns five times his salary.

Easterners, the Hollywood girls say, are the most sought-after males. They send flowers; they wouldn't dream of allowing a girl they take out to share the expenses of the evening (a West Coast practice frequently indulged in, by the way); they phone the girls to whom they're attracted to ask for dates instead of calmly saying when they meet those girls, "Why haven't you given me a ring?"; when they want to see a girl, they buy tickets for the latest play or the best picture in town; but they don't phone a girl to ask her, "Say, have you received passes to such and such a picture? If you have, why don't you take me with you?"

OF course, each girl in each group has her own very special man problem. Take the star, for instance. Every time the star goes to an important première or even to the Brown Derby, the columnists will pay special heed to her escort and the next day the newspapers may report that a romance is beginning between Gloria Glamour and ————. The star knows this will happen; the studio knows it; and all those inside the industry know it. The question is—just how does this situation affect the social life of a star? Well, generally, this is the way things happen. Her studio comes to her and says, "Look, Gloria, we're putting a grand new leading man into your next picture—swell guy, you'll be crazy about him. Name of Jimmy ————. He photographs perfectly, and is an excellent actor. But you know how it is, the guy isn't so well known in this country. In France, yes, but this isn't France. Why don't you go to the première with him next week?"

Maybe the star shrugs her shoulders and says, "Why should I go? What do I get out of it?" But usually she is persuaded to do it on the same principle that a man does his best for "good old Rugby"—it will help the studio, and, incidentally, help the box office take on her next picture, particularly if the nice young leading man is in it. Still, she's doing the studio a favor.

This "business" dating isn't always done so brutally as that, though. Often all the publicity department does is to arrange for the nice young newcomer to meet Gloria, knowing that he's just the type to sweep her off her feet, with the result that Gloria and Gloria's picture and the nice young newcomer all get reams of publicity.

So far as the star's sex problems are concerned, she has one great advantage over most of the other girls in Hollywood. Being important, she can nearly always pick and choose her escorts. And so long as she is friendly and not too high-hat, she doesn't have to accept the attentions of producers or directors, nor is it so important for her as it is for the little extra or bit player never to antagonize anyone in a position to help her.

The disadvantage the star faces is chiefly in *meeting* men. Her best chance of making a successful marriage is to marry someone so important in the industry that there will never be the slightest chance that her husband will be referred to as Mr. Grace Glamour. (The Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg marriage was this type.) Another possibility is for her to marry someone outside the profession who is doing something of such great humanitarian scope that, regardless of the income he makes, he will always command her utmost respect. (The Dr. Joel Pressman-Claudette Colbert marriage is this type.)

Having disposed of the star's "man problems," let's look into her mode of living.

The star probably draws down $1,000 a week or more, owns her own home, which she may have built herself, and buys her dresses at Magnin's, Bullock's-Wilshire, or Saks Fifth Avenue. If her home is in Bel-Air, she probably pays from $10,000 to $30,000 per acre for the lot alone. If she buys an estate in San Fernando Valley, she can get one with about fifty-five acres for anywhere from $60,000 up. Of course the star may pay $1,000 down for a home in Westwood and the balance of $13,750 just like rent. Most stars own their own homes. Ginger Rogers has one in Beverly Hills. Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have beautiful homes in Holmby Hills. Almost the only top-notch stars who still rent their homes are Garbo and Janet Gaynor.

THE life of the featured player is decidedly different. The featured player makes from $75 to $750 a week, generally rents her home if she's in the upper brackets, or if she's in the lower brackets lives in a very up-to-date apartment hotel with switchboard service, paying about $100 for such an apartment. Occasionally she splurges on a $100 or $200 dress which she may buy at Bullock's-Wilshire or in a swanky New York shop or have made to order, but as a general rule she pays about $30 to $50 for a dress, about $10 to $35 for a hat, about $15 for shoes.

In the upper brackets, the featured player is likely to have two servants, usually a maid and a cook; in the lower brackets, she has no personal maid, but gets daily or weekly maid service at the apartment hotel at which she resides. The maid who comes in cleans her apartment thoroughly but doesn't wash the dishes and, of

course, doesn't perform the little chores of a personal maid, such as darning stockings or ironing blouses.

Usually the featured player drives her own car. If she is making from $500 to $750 a week, it wil' probably be a new car, possibly a five-passenger sedan, costing her about $1,700. Very often she buys it on the finance plan, one-third down, and the rest in monthly installments. If she is making between $75 and $100 a week, she will buy an inexpensive secondhand car of a popular make on the installment plan.

As a general rule, the amount of money the featured player spends on her clothes is out of all proportion to her income. If she makes $600 a week, she may spend $200 on clothes alone.

Of course, some featured players refuse to follow this general pattern, and let their bosses know that they'll dress just as they please. When Jean Muir first came to pictures, she is said to have made $75 a week. She dressed in the simple, inexpensive dresses she would have worn in New York and actually saved some of the money she made.

When Frances Farmer insisted on wearing what she pleased, walking around the studio in faded old slacks, the executives, highly displeased, relayed a message to her through her dramatic coach, Phyllis Loughton. What did she mean, they wanted to know, going around the lot looking like someone's poor relation? Didn't she know that the fans expected their favorites to look glamorous? What would Miss Farmer's public think of her if they caught a glimpse of her some day in those disgraceful, worn-out slacks?

Not at all daunted. Miss Farmer told Miss Loughton to go up to the head office and deliver a message from her to them. "Tell them," she said (and this is probably the most perfect squelch ever delivered by a featured player) "that if they would pay as much attention to the parts they give their actresses as they do to the clothes we wear, we would both make a lot more money."

THE featured player's problem where men are concerned is highly different from that of the Hollywood star. She is much more apt to marry a producer, a director or someone else who might be able to help her become a star.

Where the star is expected to go out with some pleasant but not very well-known young leading man because it will "build" *him* up, the featured player or the star who has slipped a great deal has a lot to gain if an important and romantic young man takes her out. While no one doubts the sincerity of Barbara Stanwyck's love for Robert Taylor or Carole Lombard's devotion to Clark Gable, from a cynical Hollywood viewpoint those two girls were both lucky because the attentions of the two most romantic young men in Hollywood placed the spotlight of fame firmly on them and made them much more popular with the fans than they'd ever been before.

Yes—lucky is the featured player who can dangle an important young star before the eyes of the dazzled world.

Failing to accomplish that feat, the featured player is apt to look about for a director or some romantic young man who is dashing enough so that a rumored romance with him lends luster to her name.

If there's no dashing young man in the picture, a studio publicist sometimes makes one up. Quite embarrassed was Olivia de Havilland when she read in the newspapers that she had gone abroad to marry an English lord. On her return from Europe she explained that she had never met the English lord, that she had gone abroad to rest because she had worked so hard that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that, when she had looked up the Englishman's name in Burke's Peerage, she had discovered that he was already married.

A story that Olivia was going abroad to rest would have received two lines in a newspaper. The exciting story about the English lord got about two columns in every newspaper in the country.

Because she stands so close to stardom and yet can so easily sink into oblivion, the featured player must be much more careful than the star never to antagonize the men upon whom her future depends. There was the case of the beautiful dark-haired young woman who was progressing very nicely in pictures. When a famous star had become too ill to complete the picture she had started, the dark-haired young woman was rushed into her rôle. For a time it looked as if Mary—which, of course, is not her real name—had every chance of attaining stardom. Then, suddenly, she was dropped by the very same studio which had been building her up. No one knew just why, although there were rumors that she had antagonized one of the big shots.

Word went round Hollywood that the Big Shot was furious at Mary—and that if any other producer hired her, he would find a way to get even with him. Since producers often have to borrow stars from each other or ask other favors, none of the big shots at the other studios would take the risk of antagonizing.

Yet Mary might have saved herself a terrific headache if she'd known more about the technique of saying "no." Mary's mistake was not in saying "no"—she could have gotten away with that if she'd said it tactfully—but in wounding the Big Shot's ego.

MOST Hollywood girls, no matter what group they belong to, have a marvelous technique for letting a man down easily. She would just love to go to his apartment, but it's too bad, she has an engagement for this evening. The next night? Why, she's promised to be home at a certain time and her mother would be terribly hurt if she stayed away from home. That's the night she always spends with the family. The result is that the man never knows whether the girl will end by saying yes or no.

Sometimes, when the man takes her to the door of her apartment and is eager to come in, the wise Hollywood girl who has known him only a short time invents an imaginary roommate.

"Oh, I'd love to invite you in," she says, "but Glenda (that's my roommate) has gone to bed already and I promised not to disturb her."

Thus the featured player often prevents situations from arising which might cause her considerable embarrassment.

Although being "nice" to the right people is supposed to help the featured player attain success, often it has exactly the opposite result. One beautiful young blonde stage player was brought to Hollywood, where she was expected to become one of the biggest stars in pictures. She was glamour incarnate. Before long the leading man in her picture was desperately in love with her. Although he was married and she knew it, that made no difference to her.

She didn't even have the excuse of being in love with the leading man. Before long, she discarded him and he went back to his wife—a strangely listless and unhappy young man.

The blonde went on to bigger and better conquests. According to Hollywood theory, she should have reached the top, for she had everything and she found "yes" the easiest word in the language to say. Yet in the end, Hollywood discarded her. Instead of being grateful to her for being "nice" to them, the producers and directors grew weary of her too easy compliance.

And so your important featured player often finds herself between the horns of a dilemma. Theoretically, Hollywood believes that a woman's honor is her own affair, so long as she doesn't hurt a third person and isn't too promiscuous. If she has decided to say "no" and stick to it,

(Continued on page 80)

Most Hollywood girls have a marvelous technique for letting a man down easily when he wants to come to their apartments after a date

DRAWINGS BY VINCENTINI

The woman swayed . . . he put an arm around her . . . "You should — telephone—the police—" she said, her throat convulsed, the words broken

walls or tending the yucca that grew along the wall under the scrub oaks like giant candles. He lived over the garage. It was a clean, comfortable room, rather bare. "It was quieter like," he said. "My daughter wanted I should have a room in the house. But I liked it out here. I get up pretty early. I could be more to myself. It was quieter like."

So it was that he had heard nothing, seen nothing, upon that fatal night. Under examination by a grim young detective, he said that he would have heard a car if it had come round to the garage. But most of the cars stopped the other side of the house, in the little circular drive. Maybe, then, if he was asleep or reading his paper, he wouldn't have heard it at all. At about nine he had heard his daughter come in and call good night—cheerfully—to someone and go on into the house. No, he hadn't seen her. When she was working she was often tired and went straight to bed. Later, he had sort of remembered hearing a car or two go by on the winding highway up the canyon. There were two other houses higher up—half a mile away He was sure they didn't stop.

As it turned out, a studio car had brought her home from location at 9:10 and the chauffeur had checked into the studio right on time.

The murderer had struck, as close as the doctors could figure, sometime after midnight, certainly not before. The solution didn't seem far to seek. For all her jewels were missing from the painted wall safe. And a window on the ground floor had been forced.

THE old man's story was convincing. Certainly he had everything to lose by his daughter's death—his beloved garden and the comfortable room over the garage. The servants—a man and his wife—didn't sleep on the place They went home when their work was finished They were a Mexican couple and lived down near the Plaza. Oh, she's always had an eye for effect, for a perfect background for her dark beauty. When she entertained, she gave small elegant dinners with unusual Spanish food and excellent wine. The Mexican couple had a bullet-proof alibi. They had been at a dance down in Sonora Town, seen by a hundred people Obviously, they knew very little about their mistress' business. The further the detectives went into the matter, the more they discovered that nobody knew very much about her business. Her ways had been secret and careful as private.

The Mexican couple had returned that morning in time to waken her because she had a studio call at eight. They hadn't, this time, been

(Continued on page 85

SYMPHONY

Among Hollywood women Myrna Loy has one unique quality

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THERE'S never been a good story written about her. There probably never will be, either.

For it's right in the same class with trying to describe the taste of coffee or the scent of night-blooming jasmine.

Still, Myrna Loy has something that Hedy Lamarr with all her mystery, Joan Crawford with all her ambition, Claudette Colbert with all her intelligence, Carole Lombard with all her humor haven't got.

Myrna Loy has serenity. She knows how to be happy though famous. Among Hollywood women that makes her absolutely unique.

It doesn't worry her that she isn't the most beautiful girl in town. She is relaxed even before the fact that she isn't actually beautiful at all. She lets the freckles pile up on the end of her nose, although her nose is what makes her face so provocative. To dodge freckles she'd have to stay in out of the sun, and she wouldn't do that for anything.

She knows that there are plenty of girls, even in the extra ranks, with better figures than hers. Dieting would improve hers, but then she would have to go without food, which she adores.

She realizes she could get lots more stories about herself in the papers if she talked more. But if she talked more, she would have to think out loud, and, if she did that, it would be a lot of bother, and what fun is that?

Other stars pine to go into opera, or conquer the New York stage. Myrna doesn't. She loves movies and everything about them. Maybe she could work herself up into feeling snobbish toward them, but why?

She's a rhapsody in freckles, as subtle as the music of Debussy; she's a lady of charm who would rather be real than artistic; she's the portrait of a happy wife—Myrna Loy

N SERENITY

She has a very strong conviction that modern women are more interesting than women have ever been in the world's history. She honestly believes they are more courageous, more sensitive and more loving than ever before. For that reason she prefers to portray them rather than hark back to any stuffy classics like "Hedda Gabler" or "The Doll's House" or such, even though the latter might get her a reputation for being artistic. She would rather be real than artistic any day.

ASK her about her future and she smiles at you from the depths of her sleepy eyes and says that oh, dear, she really can't worry about annuities and such.

It is completely typical of her that she recently refused to play *Nora* in a new *Thin Man* production if Bill Powell was not to play her husband. She said she wouldn't feel right with a new film husband. She wouldn't, either. She's sensitive about things like that. (P. S. Bill Powell will play her husband!)

She is terrifically loyal to her friends and it is of the utmost unimportance to her whether or not they are big or little shots. The man she married, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is a very big shot indeed, and a fine producer. But her closest woman friend is a hairdresser.

She didn't even get herself into a stew over her own wedding. She just went down to Ensenada over the Mexican border to be married by a Mexican justice who couldn't speak more than a dozen words of English, none of which Myrna could understand. She is pretty sure the marriage was legal, though Hornblow climbed a wall and picked a bridal bouquet for her out of a neighboring garden. The Mexicans didn't mind and Myrna loved it.

She was born on a ranch outside of Helena, Montana, which is such a small place that it is hard not to be outside of it no matter what you do, and she was her father's pet. Her closest pal was her younger brother. He still is. She learned about men from those companionships.

A fantastic number of beautiful, successful girls in Hollywood sit home alone night after night. Before she was married, Myrna sat home, too, but never alone. There were always plenty of beaux. She has what it takes.

She still sits home now that she is married. She loves being home. She hates night clubs. Her husband does, too.

When she was fighting with Metro a couple of years ago over her new contract, Bill Powell and her husband were much more steamed up over it than Myrna was. Bill went around muttering, "Why, the idea of their acting like that toward little Myrna," "their" meaning the studio. Her agent, undoubtedly egged on by the brilliant Mr. Hornblow, did all the quarreling. Myrna just sat quiet and waited for the studio to capitulate. She knew all along that it would.

An absolute burst of conversation from her is three consecutive sentences. On the other hand, she is a divine listener. This characteristic doesn't hurt her any with men, either. It never has any girl.

YOU can't honestly say that her life has all been a bed of roses, but you'd be fairly accurate in pointing out that it has been pretty consistently flowery—say a bed of morning glories. She never knew starvation or a bad kicking around. She came from nice people and therefore didn't have to begin learning her manners after she signed her first contract. Her severest loss was losing her father. That hurt.

She had a long, tough bout with success, though. It is hard to realize that she has been in pictures ever since 1925, but she has. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino was her first discoverer, but Warner Brothers were the first to put her under contract. The two auspices couldn't possibly have been more dissimilar, but they saw her alike—as something very strange and exotic. Their instinct was right, at that. She wasn't, of course, the Oriental enchantress they made her appear, but she was—and she is—as subtle as the music of Debussy or the lines of a Greek temple.

She went through an agonizing amount of inept rôles at Warners for several years and was finally let out by the Brothers. She was signed by Fox and the same thing happened there. Her last free-lance picture before signing her present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was made at RKO and in it she played her wickedest rôle of all. It makes her writhe to remember it. She had to be one of Those Girls.

She says her favorite studio of the many that she has worked in is Sam Goldwyn's. It was so adult. she claims. Arthur Hornblow was at Goldwyn's at the same time that Myrna was. That was where she first became acquainted with him. That probably had something to do with her fond memories of the place.

She is always eager to give credit where credit is due. She will get absolutely loquacious, for her, on the subjects of Henry Waxman and E. H. Griffith, the director. Waxman was the photographer who first helped her by revealing how photogenic her face actually is. Griffith was the original director to discover that she could play an American woman with warmth and almost startling accuracy.

EVEN as with her success, she had to wait for her real love. Arthur Hornblow was married when she first met him. He had long been separated from his first wife, but it took him several more years to secure his freedom. If, during that waiting time, Myrna ever got discouraged or frightened, she revealed no trace of it to the outside world. Such a situation has broken many a woman, but it did not break Myrna. Perhaps it was then that she studied as to what made an ideal marriage, studied it so thoroughly that she can now portray it tenderly both on the screen and in her private life. That is a sheer guess, though. It takes no guesswork to tell that the Hornblow marriage is an ideal one, however. That fact shines forth from the Loy eyes and glows forth from her healthy body.

Her house is like her, lovely, comfortable and unpretentious. It is out quite a ways from Beverly Hills in a wild, unfrequented section called, with no appropriateness to Myrna, Cold Water Canyon. You have probably heard the story that the site of it is a site where she used to go with her brother when they were both unknown and he was searching for spots to sketch. She loved it then and she still loves it, and that, too, is characteristic, both of her fidelity and the sentimental side of her of which she isn't at all ashamed.

She waxes highly loquacious (two whole sentences) about the patio which faces the hills behind her home. She gets a big kick out of eating there.

She and Arthur Hornblow revisit the Mexican town where they were married each time their wedding date rolls around. They also motor away on trips together whenever they can get free from their individual studios, tripping around like any average husband and wife to places like the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Death Valley and such. Myrna wants to travel in Europe, too.

Principally, though, she says she wants to live every minute of every day as fully as it can be lived. By that, she means to imply nothing that is jitterbug-ish. She means something much richer and deeper. But, like all her remarks, she does not amplify what she really means and you must draw your own conclusions.

For instance, I think her personal serenity and her professional and private success are all summed up in what she thinks is the trouble with modern marriage.

"The trouble with most women is that they aren't lusty enough for men," she says.

That isn't her trouble. She is.

On that fact hang all the Loy and the profits.

In a few terse words Myrna (with her husband Arthur Hornblow, Jr.) sums up the trouble with modern marriage and thus reveals the secret of her success

Jimmy Cagney (above with Pat O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces") confuses even his best friends by the marked contradiction of his screen and real personality

Revealing the sentimental side of a "tough guy" whose biggest theft is out of the cookie jar

BY SARA HAMILTON

IT'S pretty generally understood among his closest friends (though kept as quiet as possible) that Jim Cagney is not quite—well, shall we say normal—on the subject of cookies. In everything else Jimmy seems to be all right. His knee action is good; he dislikes screwy hats on his wife; he can carry a tune in a little brown and yellow basket. But, to be honest about the whole thing, Jim Cagney is not the same Cagney when a plate of cookies comes within smelling distance.

Bill Cagney, the brother with the business brains, insists that a peculiar wild gleam comes into Jim's eye whenever cookies go the rounds. As far as I can gather, it's a certain rolling of the eyeball that reminds one of War Horse Bay Billie about to stampede.

And it's the cocoanut kind that causes the real trouble.

A famous psychiatrist once tried to get to the bottom of what the family is pleased to call Jimmy's cookie complex.

"Do you ever dream about squashing grapefruit?" the psychiatrist asked. Well—you know what happened after that. . . .

To me, the most amazing fact in a boatload of contradictory facts about Cagney is that he has never once been recognized or claimed by his ilk. Nobody, except his family, of course, ever places Jimmy in the category to which he belongs. The mugs, who have no chance of meeting Cagney off-screen, are more or less convinced that Jimmy is one of them—a rough-spoken, tough-acting little thug. And so what if he is a blond. Accidents happen, don't they?

The intelligentsia assume that, because Jim's a low-spoken, well-read actor who plays hard-berled babies but isn't one, by contrast he must possess a really brilliant and unusual mind. And again the pendulum swings too far in the wrong direction. He is neither the best read actor in town, nor the best informed, nor the possessor of the keenest mind (though the latter is a fine one, believe me on that).

"What do you think about this question, Mr. Cagney?" a noted author or thinker will say in conversation, sitting slightly on the edge of his chair, star dust up his nose an inch thick.

And Jimmy will say what he thinks, logically, in good English, and in tones so modulated that one must almost lean forward to catch the words and everyone will be deluded into thinking something pretty dawgone unusual has just been uttered. It hasn't at all. It was merely one man's opinion keenly stated, and well thought out.

The business man, noting Jimmy's adjustments to contract troubles, will sigh, "Now there's a man who has a soul for business. There's a whiz."

As a matter of fact, I imagine Jimmy is as totally unprepared to cope with business propositions outside the studio as the amazed sewing machine agent was in his dealings with Aunt Tillie. And what went on there was plenty.

No, Jimmy just doesn't add up to preconceived ideas about himself. In fact, the very words "adding up" have little place in the life of Cagney, for, like most July-born people—whimsically strong, sensitive and sentimental, romantically unstable—facts and figures and adding up and taking away have little or no place in their lives.

"Hey, don't walk across there," he'll call to a friend, who has attempted a short cut across the grass.

"You mean you're actually going to walk all

(Continued on page 87)

THE Camera SPEAKS

A sweet, stubborn guy, whose magnificent work has made him the fair-haired boy at Warners — James Cagney, the talented "Oklahoma Kid"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

PHOTOPLAY INTRODUCES ITS NEW COL

HESSE

PAUL

Mr. Hesse as a private citizen has his pet models—locomotives! But he obviously enjoys photographing the stars; he admires them not because of their glamour, but because he likes them "as genuine people capable of sincere hard work." Here he works on special Photoplay assignments with (left to right) Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye, Norma Shearer and Dorothy Lamour

known specialist in
l Hesse will hence-
Man Behind the
or of the full-length
s our fashion section
ing trip to the West Coast
ographed at work—which
es you see on these pages.
urs, Mr. Hesse is a compe-
artist with, surprisingly
se of humor and a devastat-
ring" his models so that they
t ease. There is a vibrant,
al quality to Hesse's work.

Watching him take pictures, one is fascinated by his ability to bring out the inner stimulating personality of the subject in a very short time. He explains it as a bond of complete harmony which must exist between the artist and the sitter, otherwise the picture is merely a mechanical registration of physical effort.

Born in Brooklyn forty-two years ago, Mr. Hesse yearned successively to be an actor and a surgeon. His great idea came in 1925 when he foresaw the future in color photography. In 1928 he was the first to record in color the likenesses of motion-picture stars: today his work decorates America's best magazines.

New patterns of cinema romance created by these latest members of the Hollywood Teamsters' Union —Tracy and Lamarr of M-G-M's "I Take This Woman"; Dunne and Boyer of RKO's "Love Affair"

3

Rope the cow, bring home the bacon—a bottle of milk!—and win the prize

5

Julia Faye

Alice Joyce

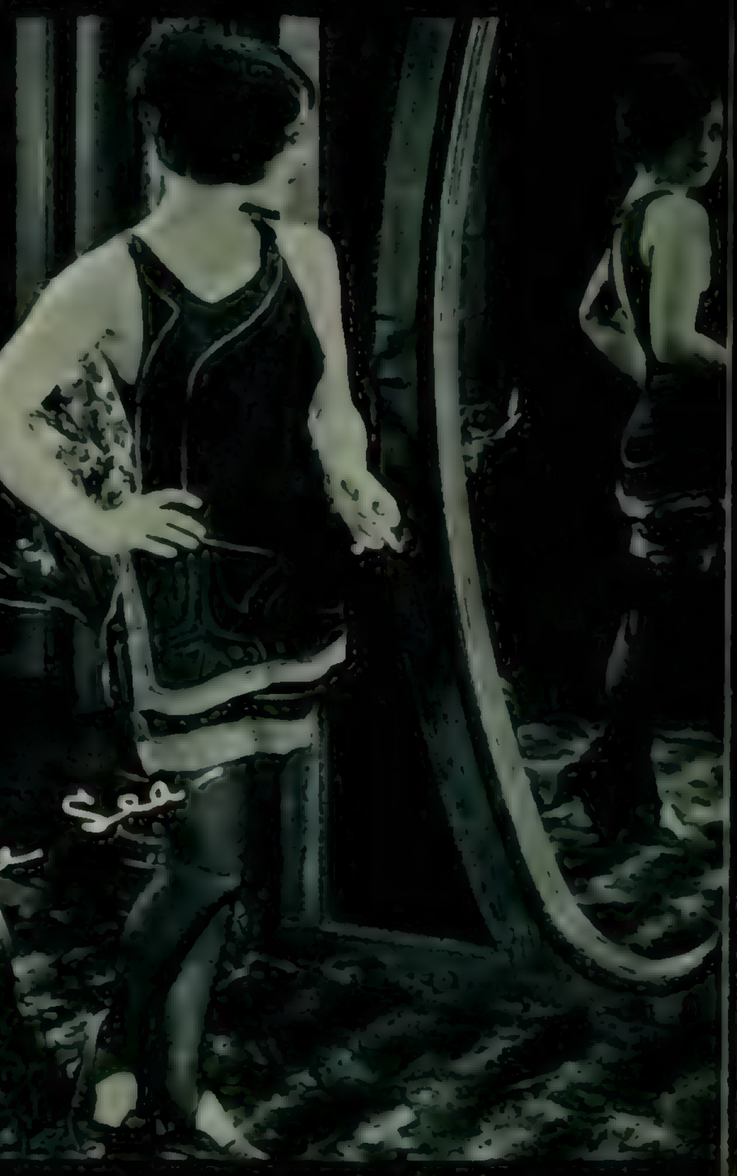
Virginia Pearson

Gloria Swanson

Billie Burke

Left, Marguerite Clark; above, Janet Gaynor

Olive Tell



Norma Talmadge

Norma Shearer

Fashions

JUST FOR FUN!

ry Miles Minter

Ethel Teare

Jobyna Ralston

Mary Fuller

In those days 'twas the sporting thing to do for a maid to lose a tennis set, but never, never her girlish modesty. Then in came shorts, out came milady, and into the trunk went these "fashion firsts"—but not so far that Photoplay couldn't resurrect them for this gay revival

e Moorehead

Violet Heming

Shirley Mason

orothy Dalton

Hope Hampton

Doris Kenyon

Leila Hyams; Myrna Loy

It's all a matter of facial form, so far as these athletic aspirants are concerned. Allan Jones (left, top), M-G-M chanter, lifts his eyebrow, grits his teeth—and the bowling alley hums. Jimmy Stewart (top, center), "Made for Each Other" hero, favors the wrinkled brow method, while Warner Baxter (right) of "Wife, Husband and Friend" dead-pans by comparison. Anita Louise (left) takes the Helen Wills poker-face way, performs as efficiently on the tennis court as on the set of "Little Princess." Johnny "Scat" Davis (right) of "Brother Rat" goes in for bangs and the tongue-in-the-cheek technique, while non-conformist Cagney, in trim from the new "Oklahoma Kid," plays his own little game

Candid calisthenics continue with Robert Taylor of "Stand Up and Fight" taking a stance on the baseball diamond . . .

. . . and Rosalind Russell in the rough. The star of "The Citadel" is a leading member of Hollywood's links fraternity

Bowler number two is Gene Raymond who believes in concentration for the cause

Nelson Eddy's new film love in "Song of the West"—Virginia Bruce, on the tennis court

Catch-as Catch-Can

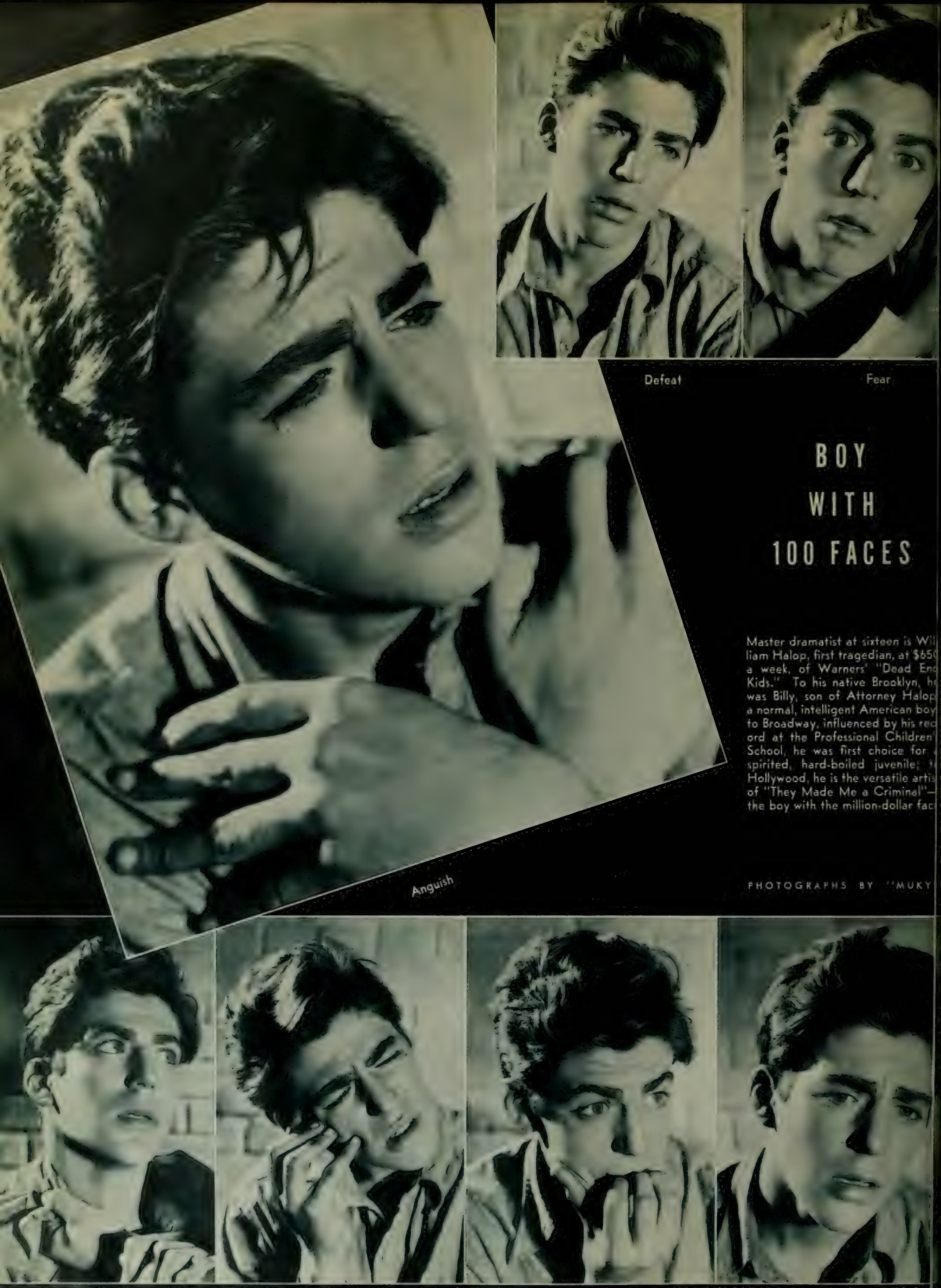
—and Photoplay did. Result: some very odd angles on the stars, who mostly had their eyes on the ball and not on the cameraman's "birdie"

ZA
Claudett

—but not in the picture! The can
sequence, because of Hollywo
method of self-censorship, now lies on
cutting-room floor. One of the
controversial pictures of the y
"Zaza" has been through a series of
visions during the past few mon

...za

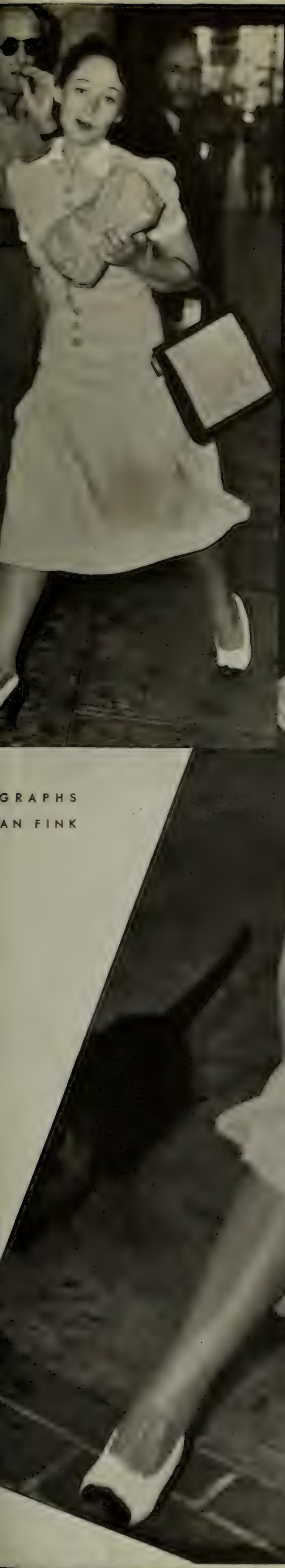
...an-Cans

...nforming to the industry's own rules
...what's right and what's polite, Para-
...unt decided the Big Apple of Paris
...the early 1900's was definitely not
...t — or polite — for stars Claudette
...lbert and Herbert Marshall. This is
... dance that now takes its place

BOY WITH 100 FACES

Master dramatist at sixteen is William Halop, first tragedian, at $650 a week, of Warners' "Dead End Kids." To his native Brooklyn, he was Billy, son of Attorney Halop; a normal, intelligent American boy to Broadway, influenced by his record at the Professional Children's School, he was first choice for spirited, hard-boiled juvenile; to Hollywood, he is the versatile artist of "They Made Me a Criminal"—the boy with the million-dollar face.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "MUKY"

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY JEAN FINK

Luise Rainer, caught with her purse down (above, right), soon recovers her poise. Perhaps her reconciliation with Clifford Odets has made her coy

Our determined terror of the typewriter is on the loose again and already the stars' ears are burning

Modern Miracle of Love

THERE is a strange and lovely story about young Gloria Dickson (who is slowly but surely going places at Warner Brothers, currently in "They Made Me a Criminal") and Perc Westmore. It is a sort of modern version of the old tale of Pygmalion and Galatea . . . remember the myth about the sculptor, Pygmalion, who fell in love with the marble Galatea, statue of his own creation? And whose love was so fine and true that Aphrodite gave the statue life?

Well, as you know, Perc is head make-up man at Warners and it was to him that Gloria was sent pending her first test for a screen rôle.

Perc did his best to give her photographic charm, but Gloria failed in the test. Yes, she had a contract, but now they said she did not photograph as well as had been expected . . . which meant, of course, that her career was finished before it was, in truth, begun.

Heartbroken, she returned to Perc. "Can't you help me?" she begged.

And Perc did. He kept her with him for long hours, studying her face, its contours, its possibilities. He drew sketches of her and pored over them at every free moment, seeking means of improvement. He tried out a new type of lip rouge and different curves of mouth and eyebrow. He even invented a new kind of powder for her which provided more light and shadow and therefore made her face more interesting

Mothers-in-law—one prospective (see below), the other factual. Richard Greene's mother (left) comes visiting from England to give pretty Arleen Whelan the once-over, while Mrs. Lupino (right, center) has already put her stamp of approval on daughter Ida's marriage to Louis Hayward

Farewell celebration—just before he took off for a vacation in South America, Tyrone Power stepped out with Mrs. Jock Whitney (her husband's in the East), properly chaperoned by the Hank Fondas

Painstakingly, patiently and, as time passed, tenderly, he created from this girl, lovely to look at but providing difficult photographic problems, a new and different screen personality. He, this modern Pygmalion, created a Galatea who, in her next test for a rôle, came through triumphantly!

And while the attractive young make-up artist was accomplishing this miracle, another happened . . . the miracle of love. This modern Pygmalion fell in love with the Galatea of his own creation, and she with him.

So, in due time, they were married and now they are living happily ever after!

Cradle Wit

ALTHOUGH not a member of that parental group given to perpetual discussion of their children, Irene Dunne can't resist telling this one about her small adopted daughter, Mary Frances, aged three.

While in New York recently, Irene and her husband, Dr. Griffin, Mary Frances and her nurse lived in a suite and always ordered meals, including Mary Frances' repasts, over the telephone. Came then a certain midday when Irene was busy with interviews and luncheon was delayed.

At first, Mary Frances, quietly playing with her dolls, appeared not to notice. But at last she moved determinedly to the phone and lifted the receiver.

"Room service," she said distinctly. And then, when the connection had been made:

"This is suite 1002. I want to order the baby's lunch."

She got it, too!

Very Light Housekeeping

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND and her sister, Joan Fontaine, have been having quite a time for themselves, redecorating and refurnishing their home in Hollywood Hills. They were about finished and expected to be particularly proud of the living room, when they discovered to their horror that their newly acquired *pièce de résistance* for this room, one of those famous and, I might add, expensive Jesso paintings, "fought" like the proverbial cats and dogs with the new furniture upholstering. So now they are having the furniture done over in hand-blocked linen especially designed to match the "Jesso."

Still speaking of household renovations and such . . . Bette Davis, who recently inherited Kay Francis' palatial "dressing room" on the Warner Brothers lot (which, incidentally, boasts of five rooms and *two* baths!), is having the fireplace done over.

Seems that Kay, for some reason, ordered the real fireplace bricked up and a gas log installed. On the other hand, Bette, possessing a particular affection for open fires, is having the old fireplace restored.

The other day, George Brent and some others in the cast of "Dark Victory" got together and sent her a present accompanied by a note.

"No hearth is complete without its white fur rug in front. Here is yours," the note said.

The "rug" proved to be a mangy goat skin, picked up in a shop in Los Angeles' Mexican quarter.

Love Will Find a Way

THEY don't talk much about it on the 20th Century-Fox lot, but everyone knows what is happening to Arleen Whelan, the little Titian-haired manicurist who a year ago was Hollywood's newest Cinderella.

Yes, she was busy with her buffer and scissors and polish, never seeking or expecting fame and fortune, when she was "discovered" by a 20th Century director and thrust into the limelight—photographed, publicized, rushed into the leading feminine rôle with Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped." With that picture not yet released, she was groomed for the lead with Tyrone Power in "Jesse James." She was going places, everyone thought. Probably she thought so, too.

And then "Kidnapped" laid an egg, which means that it didn't do so well at the box office. And Arleen's rôle in "Jesse James" was given to young Nancy Kelly.

"Of course, she'll get another part soon," everyone said. She did—one in Shirley Temple's new picture, "The Little Princess." But that, too, was quickly taken away. Her hair was too dazzling beside Shirley's yellow locks, was the excuse. But Arleen, as well as everybody else, knew she was, as we say it here in Hollywood, crassly and cruelly, "on the skids"; that nothing short of a miracle could save her.

Still, there are such things as silver linings to many a dark cloud. There is, in Arleen's case . . . Richard Greene.

When Dick Greene came over here from the British stage, the publicity department thought it would be lovely if he should fall in love with Sonja Henie, whose leading man he was to be in "My Lucky Star." But he took one look at Arleen and that was that. He is crazy about her.

(Continued on page 68)

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK

WE REGRET that it is necessary for us to have this heart-to-heart talk with our readers and our friends in Hollywood.

For more than twenty-five years PHOTOPLAY has stood as a friend and champion of the motion-picture industry and has demonstrated consistently, we believe, its eagerness to play fair with our readers, the stars and the industry as a whole.

Unintentionally, we have been made to appear to step out of this character upon which we so pride ourselves.

Last month, we published in PHOTOPLAY a story in which we described friendships existing between prominent men and women in Hollywood, friendships which are well known to our readers and the public through articles that have appeared here and elsewhere for some time.

The purpose of our story was to show that these relationships in their companionable and mutually helpful aspects were so worth while that it was our hope that they could eventually culminate in happy marriages.

We regret that the purpose of this story was misinterpreted in certain newspapers. Excerpts were republished without permission and removed from the context, making these friendships appear in a light far from our original intention.

Such an interpretation is unfair, not only to this magazine but to the stars involved. We must stand on our reputation of solid and constructive publishing history when we assure the stars mentioned in the story, as well as their studios, that we genuinely regret these unfortunate interpretations of our meaning and motive. This article was intended merely to portray some of the finest friendships we have ever known.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

★ **PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M**

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S first full-length picture is worth waiting for. Humorous and philosophical, it is a modern interpretation of the mythological tale of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and has to do with a crotchety professor of phonetics who adopts an ignorant cockney flower girl, builds her into a social success with royalty, finally falls in love with his own creation. Mr. Shaw, aside from the original play, obviously had his finger in the screen version too; the directorial credit belongs to Anthony Asquith assisted by Leslie Howard. Wendy Hiller has a wistful charm and is an amazingly adept actress; Wilfred Lawson, as her dustman father, is a joy; Leslie Howard is his charming facile self and the production extremely clever.

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT—
Small-United Artists

HERE'S "A Yank at Oxford" turned backwards. It's Louis Hayward, a Britisher who was a sensational athlete at Cambridge, who brings his accent and his physique to West Point. Gosh, do the cadets hate him! But he's nice to Tom Brown, and that young man develops a case of hero worship. There is the usual to-do about football, a widowed mother, and Breaking Limits. As a result of his actions Louis is "Silenced" by the other cadets, which is like being put in Coventry; wherefore you will spend much of the picture feeling embarrassed for everybody. This new Richard Carlson does some good work as Hayward's roommate; Joan Fontaine is the girl Louis wins when, at the last moment, he is put into the Big Game.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

★ **THE DAWN PATROL—Warners**

THE Brothers Warner have been very successful making unusual pictures, and while it is true "Dawn Patrol" has been made before (in 1930), still it is also true that to a whole new generation of moviegoers, surfeited with love triangles, this stirring aviation war drama of men without women will prove a completely satisfying and thoughtful experience. Stressing the "War is Hell" angle, it builds up an amazing and gallant picture of heroism, horror and deep friendship among the men in the Royal Flying Corps in France in 1915. The combat scenes in the air are continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and the whole is carried to a logical if tragic conclusion.

You will weep watching a flight commander, Basil Rathbone, spiritually disintegrate under the task of sending men to their death in "old crates patched up with spit and a few wires" against the might of expert German squadrons Errol Flynn, his captain, accuses Rathbone of being an executioner, until he himself is made commander and in turn has to send the young brother of his best friend (David Niven) to certain death. Later when Niven volunteers for a lone mission Errol goes in his place.

It is not a pretty tale, but the solid direction of Edmund Goulding prevented any maudlin sentimentality. David Niven emerges as a potential star of great magnitude; Flynn himself is capable, without any fireworks; Basil Rathbone, though inclined to keep that menace glint, is satisfying; Donald Crisp and Carl Esmond are outstanding.

★ **TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists**

IT'S in this picture that Joan Bennett dyes her hair black and looks so much like Hedy Lamarr you almost expect to see Charles Boyer pop out of her wardrobe trunk. Fraught with suspense and action, as well as romance, the story flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the world before its climax. In the beginning, Joan shoots Sidney Blackmer because she believes he has caused her sister's suicide. Then, with a grand splash, La Bennett drives her car off a ferry boat and Ralph Bellamy, after seeing her do this, considers the case closed. You can hardly blame him. Yet, like that penny you've heard about, the gal appears in Honolulu, does her transformation from blonde to brunette, and sails off to India. In pursuit are Fredric March, persistent detective Bellamy, and Ann Sothern, a secretary. Freddie falls for Joan and exchanges clews for kisses and flirtations; Ralph gets out his nighteyes for Ann. All's well until Robert Elliott, a rival sleuth, appears upon the scene. Then the entire company scampers back to San Francisco, just in time for the denouement. Many will think this is March's best rôle since "A Star Is Born." Certainly he handles it well. Bellamy does a repeat on his "Awful Truth" character, which you may be awful tired of, and Ann Sothern has beautiful chances to display her knack for comedy. Blackmer, Elliott and Thomas Mitchell do what they can in limited space; anyway, "Trade Winds" here blow up a highly entertaining Who-the-heck-done-it.

★ **BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners**

YOU will remember the excellent work newcomer John Garfield did in "Four Daughters." Now you will see him again, this time as the hard-hitting reporter who brings to justice a New York racketeer. Much of the punch in this picture must depend on Garfield's fine technique since the story itself, although very well done, is essentially just another Warners' prison exposé. No belittlement of the film itself is intended; every shock device is there, presented ruthlessly to stand you in your seats. People are beaten and killed, there's a bombing, and lots of prison conditions for you to be sick over.

Stanley Fields does a beautiful job as *Bull*, the gorilla-like racketeer who runs a Fisherman's Protective Association, likes practical jokes, and douses his expensively-clothed ape's body with perfume. He is supported by the city administration. Through the testimony of a beleaguered captain, however, he is sent to Blackwell's Island and there (you may see the humor in the whole situation) he takes over the prison, fixes the hospital into a lounge and starts a prison racket. Stupidly enough he takes a night off to kill Dick Purcell, a policeman; Garfield gets himself a term at Blackwell, snoops around, and eventually brings Nemesis to *Bull* and the other bandits. All of this is done with pace and almost constant action, with shock sequences closely woven into the general pattern. Victor Jory plays the new and honest police commissioner, Rosemary Lane the policeman's sister who loves Garfield.

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

AKIM TAMIROFF used to be a Cossack. So he brings his Cossack traditions of hard living to America. Finally he meets his son, who also is a Cossack. Federal G-men pinch Papa Cossack because he has hijacked cattle stolen from the government corral, and son Cossack joins the army. This one then gets transferred to Leavenworth so he can help Papa crack out of the pen, but changes his mind at the last minute (because he has grown to love the army) and leads a posse to catch Papa Cossack again. Do you see any sense in it all? Neither do we. Leif Erikson plays the son; Frances Farmer is his Woman who clings through Thick and Thin; and Tamiroff certainly acts like a Cossack. Out of all this you may find a few laughs.

HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

WARNERS have taken the greatest melodrama of them all, complete with chase, and made it in Technicolor. The result is surprising but awfully exciting. Boy, do those Mounties get their man! It all begins when a bunch of bandits hold up a river boat, stealing the trappers' gold and killing Pat Knowles, one of the Mounties. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and the rest of the picture is concerned with his efforts to track down the killers. Before success comes, there's a fight to the death on the edge of a cliff, and the villagers try to lynch the heroine's father among other things. Blood is very pretty in Technicolor. Foran gives his usual virile performance, with both Gale Page and Gloria Dickson working to get him.

UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

IF you are not so sick of prison pictures that you can't stand even the thought of them, you may find some humor in this. It was made for the first time eight years ago, and this is a better version, but the idea of kidding the American prison system still stands.

Of course, it's a matter of opinion whether or not going to jail is funny. Anyway, this is the story of two confidence men in stir, who discover a youngster about to make a break for freedom. He is Tony Martin and he's pipped because crooks are after his family's savings. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men and they fix everything. In addition, they steal the picture Phyllis Brooks is the girl.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Out West with the Hardys
Blackwell's Island — **The Dawn Patrol**
The Cowboy and the Lady — **Pygmalion**
Dramatic School — **Thanks for Everything**
Flirting with Fate — **Thanks for the Memory**
Prison Without Bars — **Trade Winds**
There's That Woman Again

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

John Garfield in "Blackwell's Island"

Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
Merle Oberon in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
Harry Davenport in "The Cowboy and the Lady"

David Niven in "The Dawn Patrol"

Luise Rainer in "Dramatic School"
Paulette Goddard in "Dramatic School"

Joe E. Brown in "Flirting with Fate"

Mickey Rooney in "Out West with the Hardys"
Virginia Weidler in "Out West with the Hardys"

Jack Haley in "Thanks for Everything"

Melvyn Douglas in "There's That Woman Again"
Virginia Bruce in "There's That Woman Again"

Joan Crawford in "The Shining Hour"
Margaret Sullavan in "The Shining Hour"

Fredric March in "Trade Winds"
Joan Bennett in "Trade Winds"

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

IT may slightly disconcert you when you discover that the "woman" in this is not the same one who pleased you in "There's Always a Woman." And since this delightful film is a sequel to the other, with Melvyn Douglas still playing the detective; and since the "woman" in the case is his wife . . . Well, anyway, Joan Blondell (who was in the first film) miraculously changes into Virginia Bruce here, which is some kind of a score for Melvyn and Columbia—especially when you consider that not an ounce of comedy or drama is sacrificed to the change.

The idea, you may remember, is that hard working and conscientious Snooper Douglas has got a wife who is pleasantly hair-brained and who also wants to detect. Her methods are questionable, but somehow or other she turns the trick in the end. Now, the problem that faces Melvyn and Virginia is a little matter of systematic jewel thefts from a swank jewelry shop. People seem to die all over the place and Melvyn is called in to do something about the situation. He gets himself a suspect, Gordon Oliver, and is progressing well enough when Virginia decides to crack the case on her own. From that time on Melvyn is hampered to distraction because he not only has to chase down clews but Virginia also.

There's a good trick in this plot; there is also Margaret Lindsay, as co-owner of the jewel shop; Stanley Ridges and Pierre Watkin, all doing good work.

★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

IN a country now suddenly full of intense propaganda which is meant to incite America to hate of the 1914 variety, this is a pleasant film pill for quick swallowing. Aside from being an entertaining picture, it discounts the "let's go over there and show them" theory and puts in a plug for honest Americanism. The story is built around the nation's sample Average Man, chosen by a contest which Adolphe Menjou's advertising agency sponsors. Jack Haley wins the prize and rushes off to New York to get it; then Menjou and his assistant, Jack Oakie, have a brain storm: why not watch Haley, find out what he likes, and predict the trends in buying and selling? To do this they must keep Haley poor. So they cheat him of his prize money and give him a cheap job with the agency. The picture reaches its high-gear speed when an Ambassador employs Menjou to find out whether or not the average man would go abroad to fight. Oakie and Menjou get Haley bedridden with poison ivy and ply him with fake newspapers and radio programs. "Phooey," remarks Haley. "Let Europe settle its own difficulties." Then the agency fakes a war aggression against America and it's a different story; Mr. Average Man leaps out of bed and rushes out to defend his country, with utterly screwball results.

The romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan, Haley's home-town sweetie, and by Binnie Barnes. The cast has a good time; so will you

(Continued on page 88

WE COVER THE

Foreign imports, domestic glamour, romance, adventure—all exciting set news for your 1939 screen fare

BY JACK WADE

HEAVE a sigh for gay, carefree Hollywood. The old order changeth—the dear dead days are gone. They're all punching time clocks now! Stars and everybody.

Strange music it is to our ears, the regimenting ring of a timecard, as we canvass the Hollywood movie factories on our monthly studio check-up and set inventory. Everybody who drags in less than $1,000 a week jerks the handle—and you'd be surprised at the haughty high-ups you know who rack their daily records just like Minnie, the buttonhole maker.

Our snooping reporter says there's a treat in store in "The Little Princess" with Shirley Temple, Anita Louise and Arthur Treacher (top). "Hotel Imperial," Paramount's jinx picture (remember?), gets going with Ray Milland (left) and the "almost jinxed" Isa Miranda

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for instance, where our curiosity takes us first, the clang of the work cards sounds like a general fire alarm. Not that M-G-M pays off in beer checks and bottle tops (still everybody can't be Garbo at $6,000 per), but Metro is as busy as that cranberry merchant putting up your New Year's screen fare.

Naturally, we make quick tracks for the Hedy Lamarr picture. Or would you call it the Spencer Tracy picture? Either way, it's called "I Take This Woman," and from what we see of this woman we'll take her, too—meaning Hedy, of course.

Cannily, M-G-M picked a glamour script for Hedy's first home lot picture. She's cast as a New York party girl, dripping with satins and ermine, and wearing a new Adrian creation in practically every scene.

She's a pleasure-loving siren who has a lot of fun all over South America with playboy Walter Pidgeon, but finds real happiness slaving in New York's Ghetto with crusading doctor Spencer Tracy.

It's the Ghetto clinic we see, full of weary, aged and downtrodden folk, among whom Hedy floats about like a lovely dark angel. Lots of close-ups in this scene, because it's Hedy's face that will make her click if anything. She's a little outsize in the body. Her hair, we notice, is still long and sweeping. They wanted to put it up in a pile-up hair-do, but Hedy said nothing stirring, fashion or no fashion. And Hedwig Kiesler has a mind of her own.

WE'D like to see Hedy the Glamour Girl punch her timecard a little later, too—but Hedy isn't all of Hollywood, so we move on to "The Girl Downstairs" and imported Franciska Gaal.

STUDIOS

Another picture that seemed jinxed—Eleanor Powell's "Honolulu" (top)—is under way again. On the "Girl Downstairs" set, Franchot Tone (right, with Rita Johnson) drops a hint that will be exciting news for his fans

Franciska is the Hungarian taffy-top "Buccaneer" girl that Cecil B. De Mille called "the Helen Hayes of Europe." But even C. B. couldn't keep her on the Paramount lot. They let her go and M-G-M snapped her up. Now she's making her first movie at M-G-M as Franchot Tone hands in his last.

Franciska is in pigtails and a nightie as we enter. This is a Cinderella-type story, with Franchot a wealthy man-about-town forbidden to see rich girl Rita Johnson. As the scullery maid go-between, Franciska makes a little time herself with Franchot and things get exciting.

While Director Norman Taurog lines up the shot, we get in a few words with Franchot, which leads us to believe that he's not forsaking Hollywood at all—just taking a vacation. "Hollywood has been too good to me," he says. "Anyway, I can't play on Broadway in the summer." What we gather is that after the Group Theatre play, "Gentle People," and a little vacation in New York, he'll be back making movies again.

Franciska is ready to go now, so we watch her in a kitchen scene being very domestic with a lot of pots and pans which get all mixed up with the pigtails. She speaks an odd English learned in six months of concentrated boning. But when she drops a pot and yelps, "O-w-w-w-w!" it's perfectly understandable.

"What's the matter?" Taurog wants to know.

Well, confides Franciska, she's been playing tennis and her hands are all blistered. Tossing the pots and pans around is no joke with her sore paws.

"You ought to take up horseback riding," suggests Taurog, grinning.

Franciska does a slow burn. "If I did," she retorts, "you'd have me sliding down banisters or something!"

WE find Robert Young in the same piqued mood next door on the "Honolulu" set. He looks very unhappy, sitting at a table amid the lush tropical surroundings of an Island hotel. "Honolulu," in case you've forgotten, is the Eleanor Powell Hawaiian picture with all the hula hip shifters and plaintive music. It started six months ago and then stopped. Now it's back at work again. Bob plays a movie star with a wealthy Hawaiian pineapple grower double and the plot is one of those mistaken identity things—always a good laugh; only Bob isn't laughing now. Eddie Buzzell, the director, is explaining a gag to him and Bob listens as if Eddie were preaching his funeral.

"In this shot," Eddie explains, "this great Dane dog climbs up in your lap and licks your face. That ought to be a great gag."

"For the Dane, maybe," says Bob sourly, "but not for me!"

STARTLING is the word for the apparition we encounter next at Warners—Jimmy Cagney in chaps, sombrero and six-guns. Cagney, the boy from the East side, has gone so Western in "Oklahoma Kid" that his dogs growl at him when he comes home nights.

We have to drive thirty miles to catch Cagney the cowpoke killer at his chores. The old Iverson Ranch, near Chatsworth, which has been the scene of rough-riding movies since Bronco Billy Anderson, is Oklahoma this time, at a cost of $200 a day to Warners.

Jimmy, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane and Donald Crisp whip up the action in "Okla-

homa Kid." Before he took on this one, Jimmy had never met a horse socially. He'd never walked in high heels or swung a gun at his hip. Now you'd think he was Tom Mix.

But the transformation wasn't easy, Jimmy informs us with a rueful face. The high heels made him lame for a week and so did the horse. He couldn't stand up and yet he couldn't sit down. "Which," says Jimmy, "is a terrible state of affairs!"

BACK in the studio, Warners are busy with two special offerings called, "Always Leave Them Laughing" and "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

The latter is the film version of the play that intrigued Broadway. It now makes jobs for Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Fay Bainter, Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin in Hollywood. An ardent "woman's rights" feminist can't take it when her own daughter goes modern about her morals.

It's our good luck to happen in on the key scene where Priscilla is going away for a week end and Fay finds it out. Few actresses in Hollywood can make us believe better than Fay Bainter. Beside her, Priscilla looks like a drama school student; but it's personality that counts in the movies—that's why Priscilla gets top billing in the picture.

The scene we see is long and each time some small thing isn't quite right for Director Bill Keighley. Each time Priscilla carries a large suitcase from the hall into the cosy little study where Fay Bainter sits. After a few takes it gets monotonous. "I think I'll sell out my contract," cracks Priscilla, "to a redcap!"

Next door on the laugh shift are Dick Powell, ZaSu Pitts, Gale Page and Ann Sheridan in the title of the month for us—"Always Leave Them Laughing." In this, Dick's a corn belt musician who thinks he's a great symphony composer, but winds up as the jitterbugs' delight when he gets to the big city. It's always comedy for Powell, of course, comedy or music—and this one has both, with Dick taking care of the vocals and ZaSu rallying around for the laughs.

We watch Dick at his home dinner table surrounded by a flock of loving old lady aunts. ZaSu is one of these, very lavender-and-old-lace-ish with her hair streaked by gray make-up. They asked ZaSu if she thought she could act an old lady and the irrepressible Pitts answered, "*Act* one? Good Lord, I *am* one!" But it's not true.

We're pondering this when the scene gets rolling. Then suddenly—bam!—a water glass whizzes past our ear and smacks against an arc light. "Oh, dear," wails a familiar voice, "I'm sorry—but I forgot my lines!" We can't understand what that has to do with assault and battery, until our guide explains that when ZaSu blows up she always throws whatever she has in her hand at whoever is handy! Quaint—what?

AT Twentieth Century-Fox, there's "The Little Princess," which is, as usual, all Shirley Temple. Oh, there are Arthur Treacher and Anita Louise and a few others hanging around just for atmosphere. The story makes Shirley a super-rich little girl in an English boarding school. But her papa loses his money and then everyone is mean to Shirley. She's a persecuted little slavey and what not—but it all comes out right in the end, you can be doubly sure.

Shirley's stock is still up the day we catch her. She's having a party both on the screen and off. She's all dressed up and as pretty as a dimpled doll. "The Little Princess," as you know, is in Technicolor (our idea of the best movie idea of the season—Temple in Technicolor) and for a while they tried to use color make-up on Shirley. But it was no go. Her natural tinting was much superior.

Shirley looks in the pink now; she's surrounded by a score of little tots, extras in the picture and members of "The Little Princess Club"—a tribute to Shirley's organizing talents.

When the routine scene is over they all crowd around Shirley. A tea party is scheduled (they still make Shirley's set day seem like fun) and Mrs. Temple capably herds the squealing moviettes to a large table for the "business meeting." They're all a little eager to get to the food and crowd around Shirley. "You mustn't smother your president, you know," she warns them.

Dick Powell discovered that "hanging from the chandelier" wasn't just a figure of speech when he was handed the script of that gay comedy, "Always Leave Them Laughing"

We get in on the tea party, which is very noisy with delighted squeals as the LPC-ers do away with stacks of this and that in the way of goodies.

WE move on to the set of "Wife, Husband and Friend," Warner Baxter's latest, in line with the current Hollywood vogue of headlining pictures so there won't be any misunderstanding as to what it's all about: "Rich Man, Poor Girl," "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," "Wife Versus Secretary," and so forth. All you have to do is read the title and take your pick—nothing left to the imagination.

The first thing Warner tells us, though, is that, title or no title, it's the best script he's had since he's been at Fox Hills—and that's some years now.

The plot, one they dug up from the musty files of shelved scripts, was originally called "Career in C-Major." It's about wife Loretta Young, who succumbs to the blandishments of a phony voice teacher, undertakes a career, ruins Warner's home. So to get even Warner warbles a little himself, finds he has a real voice and becomes another Tibbett. Binnie Barnes—she's all over these days—is the "friend" with that understanding nature.

Warner surprises us by admitting he used to sing for a living, on the stage and radio. When he was a kid, he was a choir boy. "Fine," we say; "then you can look like a singer anyway!" "I can do more than that," he retorts. "How's this?" Well, he's still no Tibbett, but it isn't a bit bad.

But Gregory Ratoff and his rushing Russian accent interrupt the impromptu concert. "Sinking, is it? It's hecting I'm wanting," he explodes. So Warner bows to the inevitable.

"Hotel Imperial" has finally got going over at Paramount after two ill-fated starts. "Hotel Imperial" is the prize jinx picture in all movie history. Dietrich started it first (although it was done once before by Pola Negri in the old days). Paramount called it off after dropping a cool quarter million. Next came Margaret Sullavan. Halfway through, she cracked her arm. Again Paramount declared a costly moratorium

(Continued on page 79)

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Bette Davis, star of Warners' "Dark Victory," chooses a stunning all-suède costume for chic mid-season sport wear. Voris, the designer, employed a multicolor theme in its creation—moss green for the long jacket smartly buttoned in suède, lipstick red for the short-sleeved sweater blouse (which peeks out at the square neckline of the jacket) and walnut brown for the six-gore skirt. All the colors combine in the pompon quill of the disc beret

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH
BY PAUL HESSE

"Snow Bound"—M-G-M's star, Maureen O'Sullivan, clad in a costume that assures warmth, comfort and chic—a natural waterproof parka with red and white braid trim and belt (which conceals a drawstring waistline), teal blue gabardine ski pants and gaily colored all-wool mittens and socks. Maureen, on loan to Columbia, is now currently filming their "Let Us Live"

Gladys Swarthout, currently appearing in Paramount's "Ambush," poses on these two pages in chic wardrobe essentials for the fashion-conscious girl. Her black Coney fur coat (left) is practically styled for warmth and comfort, with loose open sleeves, broad shoulders, and a collar that may be worn open, as Miss Swarthout wears it, or closed tightly at the neck. Her suit (above) discloses a more feminine version of the so-popular tailleur. Of black wool knit, it features a bias skirt and fitted jacket which is stylized with small revers, draped sleeves, a single-button closing and patch pockets. A grey Cashmere sweater tucks into the skirt in place of a blouse. Notice how cleverly Miss Swarthout knots her printed chiffon scarf into a novel pocket kerchief. A softly draped beret of emerald green felt (insert, left) lends a dash of color to this suit costume.

In the close-up on the left, you will see the detail of the roomy rabbit's hair bag that Miss Swarthout carries with the variable essential costumes shown on these two pages. Her gloves are hand-sewn and one-button.

Featured on the opposite page is a close-up view of Miss Swarthout's suit without the jacket. Note how the skirt belt closes with grey leather buckles in polo style. The pocket kerchief is untied to fashion a scarf—and the suit is now transformed into a smart sport costume.

As an alternate coat, Miss Swarthout chooses this Bernard Newman model of tweed, plaided in henna, orange and green (opposite page, left). This wonderful greatcoat strikingly tops many another frock in Miss Swarthout's wardrobe.

It is interesting to note that the long bob continues to be a favorite with Hollywood stars.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHEE

This costume (far left) for lazy days in the sun has "dots" as well as "dash"! Red confetti ones spot the jersey panel of the washable white celanese rayon sharkskin frock; red harlequin ones, the natural straw sunshade (that ties curls in with a matching red kerchief); red patent ones, the cut-out sandals. The El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs playground of the stars, is in the background

An Engadine motif embroidered in dual shades of red, green and blue gives the jacket of this white flannel after-ski suit (left) a gay burst of color. The invisible zipper closing reaches to a trick upstanding collar. Shining nailheads stud the built-up soles of the patent sandals

Though the Swissli coat (top) looks genuinely sporty, it is just the chic kind of wrap to throw over your most formal evening gown at Sun Valley for a dash across the snow in sleigh or rumble seat! It has triple charm, for it boasts warmth, casualness and brilliance! The body is woven of red, white and blue braid; the sleeves are of cuddly white lamb

The entire beach will notice this smart play suit of white celanese rayon jersey with bright coral accent. The skirt is pleated, the waistline corseleted and the blouse draped in the manner of the newest gowns. In brilliant contrast, the "slightly mad" straw sombrero is of royal blue with bright red streamers and a vivid green tassel. The spool-heel shoes are of fine woven mesh with diagonal stripes of red kid

WARDROBE

Norway inspired this practical ski suit of slate blue with reversible jacket (far, left). Pale yellow knitted socks and matching two-finger mittens lend golden contrast. There is a cotton slipover under the jacket in natural color with the new Marsupial pouch at the neckline for carrying cigarettes, hankies or mad money

Part of the fun of a day's exercise is to relax in the evening as beautifully as Miss Photoplay in this after-ski slack suit of black velvet (left). The lapels and pockets are embroidered in multicolor silks and little sequins that gaily shine out to challenge the sparkle of the studded platform soles on the sandals

A perfect skating costume must be attractive as well as functional! The identical black velvet outfits of Miss Photoplay and her little doll (below) come from Switzerland and are modeled after an old Swiss garb. Orange and white braid outlines the suit, silver buttons flash on the coat and embroidered boutonnieres of edelweiss spot the lapels. The perky fur hat and the jersey shirt repeat the accent of white. The brief skirt of the suit is so cleverly cut it forms exquisite arcs when whirled into motion

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

These snow togs and play clothes were flashed on the screen in tinted glory by Vyvyan Donner in her Technicolor Fashion Forecast produced by Truman Talley for 20th Century-Fox. They were so gay, picturesque and practical, too, that I recaptured their vision, knowing a study of their clever detail would be of interest to you. They are posed for these pages on Miss Georgia Carrol, chosen by us from Miss Donner's models to be "Miss Photoplay"

Gwenn Walters

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION EDITOR

WANDERLUST

Gwen Wakeling created this dressmaker suit of brown woolen for Arleen Whelan to wear in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Thanks for Everything." The little ruffles on the gathered pockets and the ascot are of honey-beige colored bengaline. The skirt has four gores with slight hemline flare. Arleen tops her suit with an exquisite coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin (above) with leg o'mutton sleeves and a perky upstanding collar. (This coat was selected from Willard George, Los Angeles.)

Kornman

FASHION LETTER

Dolly Tree, M-G-M designer, makes a final check of the clothes she created for Rita Johnson to wear in "The Girl Downstairs"

Advance Spring Forecast: color of primary interest; stripes important; silhouette varied; hats gay

BY GWENN WALTERS

NOW that the New Year is swinging right into spring it's time to get in step and plan new clothes so that your wardrobe will be fresh and colorful when the first blades of grass peek through the snows!

Hollywood stars have already heralded the coming of spring! Here and there a gay frock peeks beneath a dark coat, a cluster of posies masquerades as a hat, a fanciful shoe leads on. Perhaps you too, daring dull winter to remain, have succumbed to the lure of the first offerings of the coming season!

These casual shopping ventures are fun as they not only give impetus to serious wardrobe planning, but also, and so importantly, arouse curiosity about the coming trends.

Hollywood's many whispered rumors about colors, fabrics and styles were so exciting that I turned to M-G-M's designer, Dolly Tree (who creates particularly for Virginia Bruce and Myrna Loy), for a detailed early spring forecast for you.

Attacking the matter of color as of primary interest and importance for spring, Miss Tree foresees a continued and more predominant use of grey in all of its tones—grey in combination with yellows, soft greens, citron, chartreuse, and soft blues.

Grey woolens for suits and street dresses will have stripes in varying shades and Miss Tree says that stripes will be most important for spring.

Thin black and white stripes will be extremely smart for daytime; very bold stripes in all the spring flower colors in chiffon for evening, as well as very broad black and white stripes in organza.

Other colors that will vie for fashion importance include the range from yellow through the various soft shades of green into sea-green, green-blue and then soft blue.

In fabrics, there will be a reaction to the smooth cloths for daytime. You will see a lot of soft sheer woolens, gabardine and men's suiting material. Net, tulle and heavy crepe are included among the fabrics for evening gowns, in addition to the striped chiffon and organza previously mentioned.

The silhouette for daytime clothes will continue to be varied. Pleats, which have faded through fall and winter, will swing again this spring. Front skirt fullness will not be as exaggerated and will be distributed more evenly. Necklines will be up to the collarbone and softly draped. The corseleted, high-low waistline will continue, but there will also be a lively trend toward bloused waistlines. Many sleeves will be full and wrist-length, caught tight into tailored cuffs. This will be a particularly interesting feature to note in blouses. Miss Tree foresees a revival of hand-embroidered and hand-tucked blouses of chiffon and sheer crepe—white or pastel. The outstanding evening silhouette will feature soft drapery.

Untrimmed coats will prevail and coats, instead of being in contrast, will match the costume. A strikingly new costume note will be found in the double-breasted, fitted coat with length halfway to the knee designed for wear over a pleated skirt.

The basic costume for spring wear will be a suit—man-tailored or dressmaker. The jackets of the tailored group definitely will be longer, but length should, of course, depend on one's individual figure, just as the day of the set rule in skirt lengths has long since passed.

Slim three-quarter length capes will be introduced for formal evening wear. They will be styled of the gown fabric and always lined with color contrast. In other words, ensembles for evening will be the thing.

Spring hats will be as gay and colorful as the season itself. There will be many felts with flower trims—very few straws except in combination with felt or fabric. Velvet hats with trim of spring flowers will be very high style. The height of crowns will not be as exaggerated. Brims will return—they will be particularly dashing in line for their smartness will be revealed by line rather than by width.

In closing, Miss Tree importantly stressed the coming shoe trends.

Shoes will be more interesting than they have been in years as there will be such a wide variation in their styling. Modified platform-sole shoes for daytime and evening will have wider appeal than ever as they make their appearance in spring's exquisite contrast color harmonies. You will find that these shoes will lend inspiration for the selection of many a costume. Sport shoes will also boast the raised sole as a leading trend.

Miss Tree foresees the biggest season yet to come for the open-toe, open-counter and cut-out vamp shoe. Sandals will be more popular than ever and the pump gain new prominence.

Many models will be styled of elastic leather, the medium which has already won its place in fashion because of the glove fit and comfort it assures. Patent will, as usual, be smart for wear with prints, as well as with the season's "greys." Doeskin, heretofore conceded to be a winter leather fashion, will be carried over into spring as well as summer models. Jersey, both silk and wool, will claim a top place in the shoe fabric spotlight.

At the close of our chat, Miss Tree gave me a peek at the clothes she created for Rita Johnson to wear in M-G-M's "The Girl Downstairs." I must tell you about one suit in particular, as it struck me as being a grand costume for wear right now.

Adapted from an English guardsman's uniform, it consisted of a double-breasted English officer's mess jacket of red woolen—with brass buttons and a little, high white collar—and a black woolen pleated skirt.

In identical mood, Miss Tree completed the suit with a busby—a guardsman's hat—of black felt with black horsehair brush trim and a chin strap.

I also glanced through the costumes Miss Tree created for the ice ballet sequences of "The Ice Follies," Joan Crawford's new M-G-M film.

This amazing group of costumes ranges from Highland kilts to modern waltz gowns and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if their several influences were felt in modern clothes overnight.

I left Miss Tree checking sketches and fabrics for Myrna Loy's wardrobe and okaying completed costumes for Virginia Bruce to wear in "Song of the West."

Now I must run on to do more fashion scouting, and let you get down to spring wardrobe planning!

Photoplay Fashions

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

THESE little casual frocks for winter's sunshine resorts will surely tempt you with their inviting price of "under $10.00" and, if winter cannot be your playtime, surely you'll want to purchase a couple of them anyway in readiness for first warm days. Betty Grable, appearing in Paramount's "Campus Confessions," poses in these charming frocks which are styled of "Spode Print" Resortalin (of Du Pont Rayon yarn). White belt, buttons and piping trim this popular two-piece model (above, left). Note the soft fullness of the skirt. (Sizes 12-20) Diagonal tucking gives smart detail to the blouse of the high-neck frock (center) which has puff sleeves, shantung collar and cuff edging, a patent belt and novelty buttons across the shoulders. (Sizes 12-20) The tailored shirtmaker frock with short sleeves (above, right) has a natural linen hemstitched collar, two breast pockets, a narrow self-fabric belt and natural wooden buttons from neck to hem. (Sizes 16-44) Betty's frock (left) also features diagonal tucks as dressmaker detail. Little puffed sleeves, a tailored collar and a cut-out patent belt give added style. (Sizes 12-20)

WHERE TO BUY THEM

[illegible] Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, mentioning description or clipping of the item in question, you will be advised by return mail where in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These fine ready-to-wear garments are all moderately priced. Address your letter to—

Jean Dorothea, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

OU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION Copyrighted Design

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JONES

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR!"

REFRESHING as a breath of salt-sea air—this spanking new quartette of cruise and resort fashions by Roxford and Byron, who know their felts and straws as an admiral does his navy. "Shoreleave" (above) is a jaunty Byron sailor to be worn tilted well to starboard. Rough pineapple straw in natural, to be the smartest color of all this season, banded with admiralty blue grosgrain. Modeled by Frances Robinson, who is currently appearing in Universal's "The Last Warning." "Fore 'N Aft" (center) is a companion piece by Roxford with the new high-lo crown, raked fore 'n aft in proper nautical fashion. Of straw like your boy friend's summer topper, in the prevailing natural color to set off your cruise sunburn. Miss Robinson also wears this Roxford straw. "Gob Hat" (top), as shown on Constance Moore, who is appearing in Universal's "Buck Rogers," is an adorable felt Byron in horizon blue, with a surrealist sea gull in shocking pink and darker blue suede just about to take off from the brim. You can wear it two ways—down on one eyebrow or, if you're sporting bangs, far back on your curls. "Whitecap" (bottom) completes our nautical quartette. It's Roxford's version of the same sailor influence, with a squared-off diminutive crown in the whitest white felt with a daring, two-color suède belt in blue and gold for feminine inconsistency. Lovely Constance Moore also poses in this stunning felt

Sophisticated
LADY
Rosalind Russell, of M-G-M's "The Citadel," poses in an original Mainbocher black wool crepe ankle-length dinner suit from her personal wardrobe. A silk cord muff, caught with satin bows, conceals a tiny antelope pouch purse. Beneath her lumberjack coat she wears a black, short-sleeved, circle-neck sweater vertically striped with ruby and silver sequins—her jewels are of rubies and diamonds.
Willinger

Stars of "That Certain Age"—Deanna and Juanita

PRECOCITY PLUS!

"Butch" to her director, "The Pest" to her pals—meet Juanita Quigley, scene-stealer supreme

BY SALLY REID

Maybe she can't work "add-ups" but, with the help of her mother (above), Juanita's a whiz at diaolgue

SHE did nothing so commonplace as walk into the room. She made an entrance; hesitating just the right fraction of a second in the doorway, unconsciously (I hope) permitting her unusual beauty to register and then, hand extended, an arch smile parting her lips, she advanced and greeted us with,

"Don't mind my teeth, *please.* I'm just at that in-between stage."

Juanita Quigley, seven in years, seventeen in charm and seventy in intelligence, was being interviewed.

Only a few evenings before, a Hollywood preview audience had, by their constant laughter at her comical scenes and hearty applause at her more touching ones in the picture, "That Certain Age," proclaimed Juanita an actress of unusual merit and as such had recognized and accepted her as a definite and important part of motion pictures.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood. It has completely ceased to regard child players as cute but necessary nuisances. Bitter lessons learned at troubled box offices have taught it better. Hollywood now knows it is not just the dimpled beauty of Shirley Temple, the unusual singing ability of sixteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, the plump provocativeness of Jane Withers or fresh precocity of Mickey Rooney that lured in the customers when practically all else failed. Upon Hollywood has dawned a truth; ability and intelligence are not and cannot be measured in terms of years. Behind the dimples of Temple lives a quick, penetrating mind, behind the voice of Durbin lies that directness of thought and unswerving sense of values that audiences sense, respect, admire and, more important, pay money because of it.

So luckily, at this propitious moment in cinema history, in steps Quigley. An individual, understood and respected, not because of two inch long eyelashes and round dimpling face, but because of her individualized intelligence regardless of her shortage in years. And all this in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

She seated herself on a sofa pillow on the floor, pulled her short red dress over her round, plump, hairy legs and gazed first at me and then at her mother. Waiting for the conversation to begin.

It didn't. So she began it.

"Naturally (this and the satisfying word 'personally' are her favorites), I can't remember much about my first big picture. I was only three and a half." A shrug of the shoulders and a weary roll of the eyes shoved an undeserving three and a half years right back in its disgusting place. And let there be no further peeps from that quarter.

"The name of the picture was 'Imitation of Life' with Claudette Colbert," she went on, "and I was her little girl. I remember everyone called me 'Quack Quack' because I had a duck called Quack Quack."

"Show Miss Hamilton the duck," suggested her mother, who sat across the room in calm but puzzled silence.

Juanita left the room with a slight mazurka swing.

"I can't understand her today," Mrs. Quigley remarked more to herself than to me, "she's so wound up. So talkative. She usually has little to say."

We thanked our lucky star for having chosen this opportune moment for our visit. The time when the natural show-offness of a child is in full swing.

She returned with the celluloid duck. "The prop man on 'That Certain Age' was the same prop man on 'Imitation of Life,'" she explained "and when he saw me he asked if I still remembered the duck.

"Naturally," she went on, "I had to say 'Yes.' (The eyes took a swing to the right and came back bored and weary from the journey.) "And so he brought it to me. He'd saved it all that time. And now would you like to see my upper plate? I wore it in all my scenes in 'That Certain Age.'" *(Continued on page 90)*

ROMANTIC

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC HERO

War strengthened a conviction Ronald Colman held from early childhood and launched him on a career that was to change his whole life

BY GLADYS HALL

In murmurous undertones and sometimes in headline overtones Hollywood publicized Ronald Colman, but few know the truth behind the legends the town built

THERE is always to be found one true explanation of a man's personality, and it usually goes back to his childhood experiences. Ronald Colman—frequently called shy even today, consistently called "Hollywood's man of mystery" because he has refused to have his private life publicized—was a shy, quiet and unobtrusive little fellow who loved his privacy even at the age of six. Already he had learned that to avoid trouble it was safest to keep quietly to himself; for, being the fifth child in a family of six, he had possessed a father who believed that children should be seen and not heard.

Later, at an age when he should have been romancing, he was still "keeping quietly to himself." But then there was the matter of funds also; for by this time young Ronald held down a three-legged stool in the offices of the Britain Steamship Co., but at meagre pay.

Then came the World War. Ronald enlisted the day that War broke out. He quit his job and joined the London Scottish Regiment.

"I enlisted immediately," Ronald says, "more to get away from the office than because of the fighting spirit, which I did not have."

There was a month of training and then, in late September of 1914, Ronald's regiment was sent across to France as a unit of The First Hundred Thousand, Kitchener's famed "Contemptibles." Promptly upon its arrival in France, the regiment was broken up and Ronald found himself in the front line trenches. He saw action at the first battle of Ypres, then at Messines. He spent, in all, some six to eight weeks in the front line. It was, he says, "a very bad, a very messy business." At Messines, during an advance, a shell struck: there was an explosion and "an inglorious casualty"—he stumbled and fractured his ankle. When he was able to leave the field hospital the doctors ordered him back to England, where he was attached to the Highland Brigade for light duties. He went into Scotland where he did mostly clerical work. After a year of this, the ankle still unhealed, the medical board discharged him altogether and, although he tried to get into other branches of the service, he was turned down.

"The War," says Ronald, a little ruefully, "certainly taught me to value the quiet life, strengthened my conviction that to keep as far out of the range of vision as possible is to be as safe as possible.

"I am not one of those 'veterans' who look back on the War with the 'happy comrade' feeling. There may have been gay times behind the lines—I'm sure there were—but I can't remember them.

"I remember a kid of seventeen who was to make his first advance one early dawn. He was frightfully keen about it, excited. The sun shone on his face as we advanced and it made him look as though he were smiling. Maybe he

Ronnie, in 1916, as he looked when he was touring England with Denby's Pierrot Troupe

RECLUSE

Colman "took one quick gander and fled" when he saw himself on the screen for the first time—in the rôle of a Jewish pugilist (top). How was he to know that the names of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky (above, in "The Night of Love,") would make history as Hollywood's first great movie team?

was. I've never been sure about it. We reached the rise of a hill and the whole of Flanders was spread out below us. Suddenly the blast went off and there came the order to lie down, to lie flat on our stomachs so that the enemy ammunition might whistle over us. In one minute we dropped; the kid never got up again. He was killed in that first second of his war experience. The smile was wiped off with his face. The futility of it remains with me as my memory of the War.

"There is another memory, also distinct: we are a column advancing into action. We climb a hill singing, 'Are We Downhearted,' singing with the phony bravado which the hypnosis of war hysteria makes you feel is genuine bravery at the time. We reach the top of the hill still singing. And meet a wounded soldier coming down, retiring. The wounded soldier with his mutilated face, laughs at us and shouts, 'Not now you're not downhearted but you bloody soon will be!' These words were as true as any I heard spoken at the Front.

"I loathe war. I'm inclined to be bitter about the politics of munitions and real estate which are the reasons for war."

DISCHARGED from the army, the next thing Ronald had to do was get a civilian job and, as he says, "get on with the business of living while the seventeen-year-old boys carried on the business of dying."

He could have gone back to his stool in the offices of the Britain Steamship Company, but he felt that he could not face that dull routine again . . . "and still," he told me, "I did not know what I wanted to do, what I wanted to be. If I'd had a gift for writing that would have interested me. I had a strong leaning toward the medical profession, too. The war gave me that. But to study medicine or surgery was, for me, financially impossible.

"While I was stalling around during that troubled summer of 1916, I ran into an uncle of mine who was with the Foreign Office. I asked him if he could arrange an appointment for me with a consulate in the Orient. He said he'd put up my name. He'd let me know . . . and then I collided with the theater. I ran into some friends of Lena Ashwell's. Lena Ashwell was a sort of English prototype of Ethel Barrymore. Her friends, who were also acquaintances of mine, told me that Miss Ashwell was putting on a sketch at the London Coliseum and wanted a young, darkish man for a small rôle. Remembering my work with the Bancroft Club, when I first came to London, they suggested that I dash over to see Miss Ashwell. I thought that with the dearth of young men in London at that time, young men both darkish and lightish, I might do. So I dashed along and got the job and had the thrill of playing at the London Coliseum *and* the thrill of earning six pounds a week. The playlet was "The Maharanee of Arakan" by Rabindranath Tagore and I played the bit part of herald to the Princess. I wore black face, waved a flag, tooted a trumpet.

"LENA ASHWELL, incredible as it seemed to me, prophesied that I could become a great actor. Nor did she pay me compliments alone. She was kind to me in a very practical way, such as inviting me to her very exclusive luncheon parties to which only the elect of the theater world were ever bid. She introduced me to Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Charles Wyndham and others and would always preface such introductions by saying, 'Here is a boy who will do great things in the theater.'

"It is thanks to Miss Ashwell and to the interest that Sir Gerald Du Maurier took in me that I got my first sizable job, a bit in a play with Gladys Cooper. The play was "The Misleading Lady" and was a tremendous success. The reviews were excellent and my name was favorably mentioned in most of them. But even then I did not say to myself, 'I am an actor. This is my job.' I still felt a passionate predilection for the theater. But I did decide to bide my time, to let Fate decide my future for me. . . .

"And then occurred one of those coincidences which give to life its fictional quality. Sitting alone in my flat one evening, reading an encouraging review of my performance in the play, word came that my uncle had obtained a promise of a position for me in an Oriental consulate. I held the review in one hand, my uncle's note in the other. What to do? I knew that I had to decide, then. No flashlight exploded in my brain leaving there an illuminated answer to my problem. I remember that a mere drop of the hand, a reflex action, decided it for me. For automatically I dropped the note on my desk and went on reading the review. And my choice was made. It would be 'good copy' to say that I paced the floor, downing whiskies and sodas the while I wrestled at the crossroads. But I didn't. I made suitable expressions of gratitude to my uncle for the trouble he had taken and that was that."

So the young man, who didn't know that he wanted to be an actor, continued on the stage

(Continued on page 77)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

That's the way it is as we go to press. The little manicurist Cinderella, who never asked for fame at all, and who may not keep it long, will perhaps find something better. She may find happiness with a Prince Charming whose love and loyalty will help her to forget that Hollywood too often deserves its name of "Heartbreak Town."

You Have Our Blessing, Children

WE'VE decided Carole Lombard is the absolutely ideal girl for Clark Gable. Here's why we think so.

Completely unselfish, Carole forgot her likes and dislikes and took up, wholeheartedly, the sport best loved by Clark—shooting. First, by endless hours of practice, she became an expert at skeet shooting.

Next, she turned her attention to duck shooting, Gable's favorite sport, and became equally proficient. Even if it meant getting up at four o'clock of a cold, foggy morning to get to the blinds by daybreak, Carole was up at 3:30 and had the sandwiches prepared for the day.

"She's a better man than any of the crowd who go," a friend told me, "and the last to say 'Let's rest.'

"She goes out wading after her own ducks and once when Gable suffered an injured leg she went after his ducks, too. If necessary, she'll clean her own ducks like the rest of us and light her own cigarettes. She asks and expects nothing in the way of favors.

"Sometimes I look at her traipsing down the long dusty roads, the seat of her hunting trousers bagging behind, her hunting cap (the darndest I've ever seen) plopped squarely on her head and I think 'There goes Hollywood's glamour queen. And there goes, by gum, the best sport with the stoutest heart of anyone in Hollywood.'"

Temple, Businesswoman

SHE finished the scene and walked off the set unsmilingly, her little mouth decidedly drooping at the corners.

The property men exchanged glances of surprise and Director Walter Lang turned to his assistant with an inquiring glance. It was the first time anyone could ever remember when Shirley Temple hadn't gone out of a scene with a smile.

Following her into her trailer, Director Lang, really troubled, asked Shirley the reason for the blues.

"Don't you like me, Shirley?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I do, Mr. Lang," she answered. (But the dimples failed to appear.) Only by coaxing was the reason for Shirley's sadness revealed.

It seemed all the other children were punching the set time clock but she.

"They clear forgot about me," she said.

It was explained that the new time clocks were to be punched only by actors who made less than $1000 a week. "You see," she was told, "it's the new way of keeping track of their time. And you make much more than $1000 a week."

"Well, couldn't it be arranged so I could make $1000 a week, too," Shirley asked, "and then I could punch a card like the other children?"

They compromised and sent out for a time clock all Shirley's own. This she punches with great glee before and after *every scene*.

"Keeping track," she explains.

What-Goes-on-Here

SHE wore a gray felt hat that flopped over one eye. She stopped her car before an Encina real-estate office out in the Valley.

Her heavy stockings beneath the plain skirt were strikingly noticeable as she alighted from the car and entered the office.

"I am looking for the new estate of Mr. George Brent," she said in tones that bore marked traces of a Swedish accent.

The realtor stared hard, gave the directions and watched from the doorway as she drove away.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," he muttered to himself.

He'll be doggoned? Well, what about us!

Bigger and Better Bergen

THE song, "She's the Girlfriend of the Whirling Dervish," has been changed in Hollywood to "She's the Girlfriend of Edgar Bergen," for no sooner does Edgar get himself properly interested in a young lady than along comes some swain, usually Ken Murray, and steals her away from McCarthy's mentor.

At a party recently, Edgar amazed the guests by escorting four beautiful young ladies—Anita Louise, Helen Woods, Andrea Leeds and Florence Heller.

"Why, Edgar, how come?" cried the hostess.

"Well, I'll tell you," Bergen explained. "Rudy Vallee is in town and I thought maybe if I came with four, Rudy or Ken or some of the other fellows would have a heart and leave me at least one."

Edgar went home with the hostess' aunt.

Confidentially—About Gable:

IT occurred to us while we patiently waited in Clark Gable's portable dressing room for Clark to finish a scene with Norma Shearer for "Idiot's Delight," that maybe you, too, would like to know something about that famous Gable dressing room which is wheeled from set to set.

The walls, to begin with, are knotty pine. The dressing table, also knotty pine, is bare and simple, with a single mirror and two lights. There is no make-up kit anywhere in sight. Two ample-sized brass ash trays are fastened to the walls—one by the red leather divan and one by the red leather easy chair, the only two articles of furniture.

A cigarette box is nailed down by the built-in dressing table. Two prints, the tally-ho type, are nailed to the walls. There is a clothes closet without a single garment in it. Only an empty box lies on its floor.

The day we were there, two scripts of "Idiot's Delight," one opened to that day's scene, lay on the dressing table that contained no powder, comb, brush—nothing to make our hero beautiful.

But on a small built-in shelf lay what seemed to us the oddest selection of books, for Gable, we could imagine. One, autographed by its author, Maurine Watkins, was labeled "Chicago"; another, "After the Storm," was also autographed by its author, Arlo D. Pollock.

But the third formed a climax that even now stops us in traffic for a moment's reflection. It was called "The Parnell Movement with a Sketch of Irish Parties from 1843."

I mean, wouldn't you think he'd want to forget? Or doesn't he even know it's there?

Rosalind Russell with Frank Delano at the Troc in the town's most knock-the-eye-out dress, a corselet and matching mad cap

A rare shot of the Lewis Stones. The popular "Judge Hardy" has reached his eighteenth milestone as a screen star—a swell record

Portrait of a New Star

ANNA MAY, recently risen to fame in RKO's "Gunga Din," is thirty years old and a spinster by choice. She has had many suitors in her day, but none that pleased her.

Quiet and conservative, she dislikes frills and folderols and was known during the filming of "Gunga Din" to object so strenuously to wearing a jeweled headpiece that they cut it out of the script. She did consent, however, to don false eyelashes, since her own failed to photograph.

Anna May is something of a moralist. If her manager stays out late, she scolds loudly until he returns. She is also a tobacco addict, with a special yen for cigarettes, which disappear in her presence with disconcerting rapidity.

She is inordinately lazy, insisting on riding on various "Gunga Din" excursions when she was perfectly able to walk. Still, her earnings in pictures are sufficient to support three friends.

Like many women, she goes in for trick diets and will make a whole meal on carrots and perhaps a melon or two, including the rind. Like many women, she is terribly afraid of thunder and lightning and on the "Gunga Din" location at Lone Pine disrupted many a scene by her nervousness during bad weather. Also like many women, she harbors a strong affection for Cary Grant and used to follow him around at Lone Pine, much to his embarrassment.

There are a few rather queer things about Anna May, too. She likes to sleep standing up. She has ears something like Clark Gable's. And she eats a bale of hay a day.

Still, these aren't too queer when you remember that, after all, Anna May is an elephant.

Stuttering Stork

ANDY DEVINE, about to be a proud papa for the second time, went through a strenuous time just recently trying to explain things to his four-year-old

(Continued on page 70)

With a home in the East now, Lily Pons was a "visiting fireman" when she went to Hollywood recently. At a party in her honor—Constance Collier, Basil Rathbone, Lily and her hostess, Gladys Swarthout

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"UNION PACIFIC"

TO pass the Love Test, skin must be soft and smooth. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use the screen stars' soap—Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK's advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued from page 68)

Tad. It was a tough job.

"The stork is bringing our baby," Andy explained over and over.

"What stork?" asked Tad. "The one in the cage over at Catalina?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it can't get out of the cage."

"Why is that stork in the cage?"

"Because," Andy cried, "it's too old to bring babies!"

That evening Carole Lombard came over to the Devines for dinner.

"Oh hello, Goldilocks," Tad cried, using his pet name for Carole. "We're going to have a new baby."

"Well, fine," said Carole. "Who's going to bring it?"

"Oh," shrugged Tad, "some old bird. Even daddy can't make up his mind about it."

Money Speaks Louder Than Words

IT is now a matter of public record that Father Flanagan received less than nothing, in comparison to the terrific profit M-G-M has made on the picture "Boys Town." So the good Father and Bishop Ryan journeyed back to Hollywood in the hopes of getting greater compensation and proving to the world that his school is still badly in need. At M-G-M, Mr. Mayer gave a huge luncheon. Father Flanagan was praised to the sky. There was great to-do, with Father Flanagan still wondering just how all this was going to help his great cause. Finally, it was announced that M-G-M would donate a small building. All of which helped, but "Boys Town" on the screen is still ahead in the big money. Just before he left Hollywood, Father Flanagan was talking to an M-G-M star.

"Next time I come to Hollywood," said the priest, "I'm going to get myself an agent!"

Foreign War Averted

ALL is quiet on the dressing-room front, out M-G-M way. But there was a bit of excitement when Franciska Gaal heard that Garbo was back on the lot. In no uncertain terms, Franciska, who was occupying the Garbo suite, announced that she would not give it up. She was assured that she would not have to. Garbo would be asked to take another suite and that was that. What they didn't tell Franciska was that she had been given the *old* Garbo suite. A gorgeously decorated suite in the new dressing-room building was all ready and waiting for Greta to move in.

A Fog A Day

SPECIAL effects experts of Hollywood have a right to the title of Miracle Men. Take, for instance, the case of Paul Widlicska, expert fog-maker at the Goldwyn Studios. During the filming of "The Cowboy and the Lady" a shipboard scene featuring heavy fog was called for. But, on that particular day, Merle Oberon was also featuring a heavy cold and was under doctor's orders to stay away from fogs of all types as well as drafts. What to do? Widlicska emerged with a medicinal fog—believe that or not. He merely added a little eucalyptus oil to the fog solution—and, as a direct result, Merle came out of the scene minus the cold in her head.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Ann Sheridan in "Always Leave Them Laughing"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 83.

1. In "Song of the West" this actor will get a he-man build-up and have a fist fight with Victor McLaglen:
Nelson Eddy **Robert Taylor**
John Beal **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**

2. Mary von Losch is the real name of this glamour girl:
Ilona Massey **Marlene Dietrich**
Sigrid Gurie **Annabella**

3. One of these actors is the captain of filmdom's cricket team:
Warner Baxter **Ronald Colman**
Basil Rathbone **C. Aubrey Smith**

4. This actress' real name is Louise Dantzler:
Mary Brian **Barbara Stanwyck**
Louise Campbell **Sally Eilers**

5. Before she got her break in pictures, she used to run an elevator in a Chicago department store:
Jane Wyman **Jean Arthur**
Dorothy Lamour **Claire Trevor**

6. His performance in the play, "The Last Mile," gave this actor his chance in movies:
Ralph Bellamy **Spencer Tracy**
Leif Erikson **Ray Milland**

7. The real name of this attractive actress is Ann La Hiff:
Maureen O'Sullivan **Nancy Carroll**
Paulette Goddard **Joan Blondell**

8. In Hollywood vernacular, "best boy" means:
A temperamental outburst by a star
An actor who wears a toupee
The assistant to the head electrician on the set
A dual rôle

9. And "put a tail on the tiger" means:
To plug the sound equipment to the camera
To connect the telephone on the set
To light the overhead lights
Take your places on the set for rehearsal

10. Lucille Langhanke is the real name of this red-headed actress:
Lucille Ball **Andrea Leeds**
Rosalind Russell **Mary Astor**

11. More stars in Hollywood come from this state than from any other state in the country. About eighty stars hail from:
New York **Texas**
Montana **Nebraska**

12. This actor was doing household chores for his room and board when he was given a contract:
Louis Hayward **Tyrone Power**
Allan Jones **Michael Whalen**

13. William Henry Pratt is this actor's real name:
Boris Karloff **Eduardo Ciannelli**
Douglas Fowley **Hugh Herbert**

14. The first picture made in California was released as a one-reeler. The name of it was:
"The Birth of a Nation"
"The Count of Monte Cristo"
"The Woman God Forgot"
"Ben Hur"

15. What actress is called "Spuds" by all her friends—because she loves potatoes?
Joan Crawford **Bette Davis**
Claudette Colbert **Priscilla Lane**

16. This star's right name is Virginia McMath:
Alice Faye **Marie Wilson**
Frances Dee **Ginger Rogers**

17. Studio dramatic schools devote more time to instructing starlets on this important factor in correct movie drama technique than any other single point:
Correct posture
Display of emotion
Proper breathing
What to do with the hands

18. John Blythe is his real name:
Robert Montgomery **John Payne**
John Boles **John Barrymore**

19. This actor was once a new York policeman:
Dick Foran **Phil Regan**
Fred MacMurray **Preston Foster**

20. This handsome young actor's real name is La Verne Brown:
John Trent **Richard Greene**
Alan Marshall **Joel McCrea**

Good Luck!

SIDNEY TOLER is on a spot. No other film personality has been faced with quite the situation in which he now finds himself as the successor to the late Warner Oland's rôle of *Charlie Chan*. As the new *Charlie*, he must play a part already fixed in the minds of his audience, a tough job for any actor.

He says, though, that he will not play Warner Oland, but *Charlie Chan*—that he will present, not Oland's, but his own conception of the famous hero of 20th Century-Fox's popular picture series.

Toler is strictly American; was born in Warrensburg, Missouri. There was a Toler along with Captain John Smith when the latter founded Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

Will his conception of the character of *Charlie Chan* be accepted by his countrymen and the rest of the world? Well, even he cannot answer that. He can only do his best.

Look-Alikes?

FRED ASTAIRE may be very particular about publicizing his home life, his wife and family. But Fred hasn't lost his sense of humor or his perspective on himself. Sitting in his dressing room one lunch hour, Fred picked up the morning paper. There, in glaring headlines, was the latest account of Laurel and Hardy splitting up and the studio's search for new partners.

"I'm the closest thing they'll ever find to Stan Laurel," cracked Fred. "Wonder if Babe Hardy could use me."

The Great McCarthy Feuds—And How!

CHARLIE McCARTHY has turned his attention from his old feuding pal, W. C. Fields, to Jack Benny. The latest prank he's played on Jack has the whole town laughing. It happened this way:

The Masquers Club in Hollywood telephoned Jack to leave town so they could give him a farewell party.

Jack, overcome at the honor, packed his grip and announced he was leaving for Palm Springs.

The party night arrived and Jack, all dressed up and face glowing, arrived at the club. But, to his consternation, he found that the gloating Guest of Honor was none other than Charlie. The party had been given in honor of Charlie's becoming a member and not one Masquer seemed to have any knowledge of a farewell party for anyone named Jack Benny.

You're right. It was Charlie on the phone and now Benny doesn't know whether to laugh at Charlie or give dirty looks in Edgar Bergen's direction.

How to Stay Married

NOW that Jack Oakie and his wife, Venita Varden, have made up, Jack steps up with a little advice to husbands.

"If you diet, keep your sense of humor; don't grouch and don't take it out on your family.

"I realize now that while I was shedding those sixty-eight pounds I was a pretty cranky person to get along with. But no more. I'm going to try to keep my shape and my wife at the same time. I'll do my next dieting with a smile—or I won't diet."

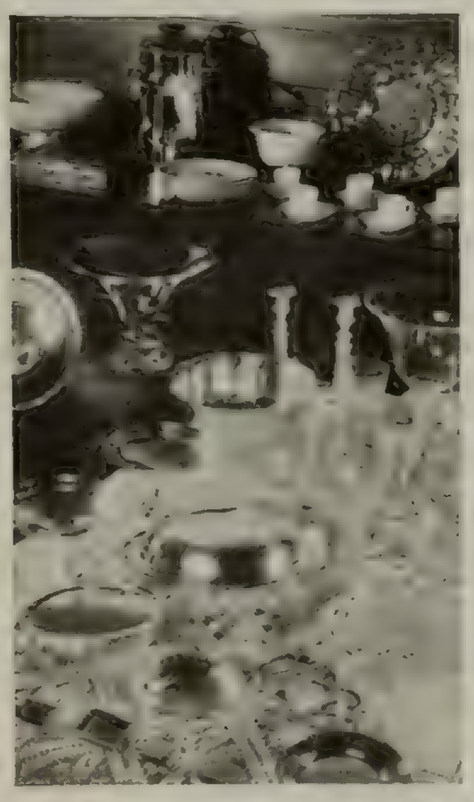
Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM

WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE— THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*

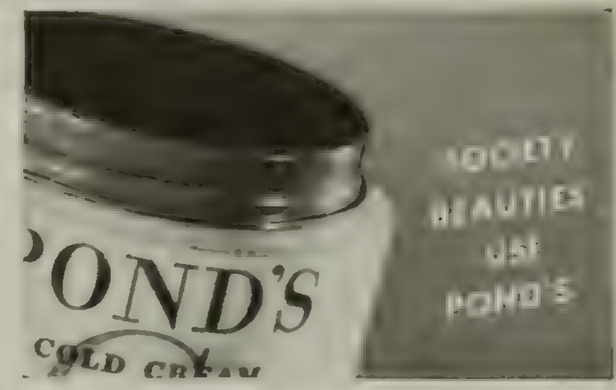
Boy Teaches Girl—*Nancy Hoguet* gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—*Anne Clark Roosevelt* faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health.** I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

Big Moment—*Camilla Morgan* (*now Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry.** Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."



245 Presents—*Marjorie Fairchild* sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up.**"



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Play Truth and Consequences With Jean Arthur

(Continued from page 14)

—but almost never tell one what to do or what not to do. Nevertheless, I doubt whether I'm the kind of a person who could follow the advice of anyone who is not near and dear to me.

7. (Q) What do you consider your finest picture portrayal?
(A) I haven't done it as yet.

8. (Q) Do you have a bad temper?
(A) I'm afraid I have, because I flare up quickly and say and do things I later regret. But, in self-defense, I must admit that I'm beginning to avoid situations in which I might lose my temper.

9. (Q) What was the last lie you told?
(A) The last lie I told was—pleading a previous engagement because I wanted to stay home and read rather than go to a party that would have been strenuous and enervating.

10. (Q) Who are your two favorite living stars—male and female?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Pose for us as all three characters of the famous painting, "The Spirit of '76.")

11. (Q) When have you ever used glycerine in crying scenes?
(A) I have never used glycerine.

12. (Q) Why do you dislike to give interviews?
(A) I dislike giving interviews because some interviewers ask stars the kind of questions they wouldn't put to their best friends. I don't feel that my ideas and opinions are important enough to be broadcast. Also, I find it difficult to open up easily with persons I don't know well.

13. (Q) Do you feel that you lost popularity when you were away from the screen?
(A) Perhaps, but I was very fortunate to have the opportunity of returning to the screen in "You Can't Take It With You." I would rather make very few, but very good pictures which audiences will remember and me along with them, than be on the screen constantly in the kind of pictures that might result in an even greater loss of popularity.

14. (Q) Are you a fan of Shirley Temple?
(A) I think everyone in the picture business is a fan of Shirley Temple—I've never worked with her, but I like to watch her pictures because she seems to do with ease and nonchalance what so many of us strive very hard to achieve.

15. (Q) What characteristic of Hollywood and Hollywood people annoys you most?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Draw a picture of yourself at your favorite pastime.)

16. (Q) Of what are you most afraid?
(A) I am most afraid of intolerance, world chaos, lack of understanding among human beings—and spiders.

17. (Q) What is the smallest amount of money per week you have ever had to get along on?
(A) The smallest amount of money I ever had to get along on (there were two of us, my mother and myself) was $18 a week—sometimes not every week.

18. (Q) Have you ever heard any unflattering remarks about yourself when you have been sitting in the audience at one of your own pictures?
(A) At one preview a woman (not a lady) behind me kept saying "Oh, isn't she *fresh*—I just can't stand her!" By the time the picture was finally over I was convinced I was such a miserable thing I didn't have nerve enough to walk out of the theater.

19. (Q) If the United States should go to war, how would you try to influence your husband on the subject of his enlisting?
(A) If there were a war I would do everything in my power to keep my husband from going. I would even shoot off his big toe and if every woman in the whole world would do the same thing there wouldn't be any more wars.

20. (Q) Have you ever listened in on crossed wires, or eavesdropped in any way, and what is the most interesting thing you heard?
(A) Yes, I've listened at the ventilator in my apartment in New York to the couple fighting next door.

21. (Q) Do you put your hair up in curlers or such at night?
(A) Wish I could sleep on them—it would save a lot of money.

22. (Q) Do you use a chin strap?
(A) I should when I read, as I sit with my chin on my chest and curled up like a pretzel. After three tries I gave it up.

23. (Q) Have you ever cheated in a game? When?
(A) No.

24. (Q) What is your opinion of your disposition?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Pose for us in a football uniform.)

25. (Q) Which of your pictures did you see the greatest number of times, and how many?
(A) I see only the final preview of my pictures.

26. (Q) Do you prefer men or women friends? Who are some of them?
(A) I have no preference as to men or women friends—I have several of each and find them equally stimulating. I don't believe in capitalizing on my friends for publicity purposes.

27. (Q) If you had the choice of meeting Garbo or the Duchess of Windsor, whom would you prefer to meet and why?
(A) I should prefer to meet Garbo because I not only consider her the greatest screen actress, but because everyone who has met her personally says her personality is even more vital in private life than on the screen.

28. (Q) What things do you consider that you do better than your husband?
(A) Make a fire in the fireplace.

29. (Q) When you read the papers which items and departments interest you most?
(A) Movie and international news.

30. (Q) What scene of dialogue in "You Can't Take It With You" was most difficult for you?
(A) My part in "You Can't Take It With You" was all pretty difficult because *Alice Sycamore* is purely ingénue and that is the hardest thing to play.

31. (Q) Do you have a keen interest in reading articles about yourself?
(A) It has the fascination of a horrible accident.

32. (Q) What have you ever done, or said, to shock your friends and family?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Allow us to print a picture which looks the least like you, taken from your personal collection of snap shots.)

33. (Q) What is the item in your scrapbook which you prize most?
(A) Reviews of the plays I did in New York—even the bad ones.

34. (Q) Have you ever had any experience to make you believe in mental telepathy?
(A) I only know that thinking speaks louder than words.

35. (Q) Do you ever get loud or noisy, and under what circumstances?
(A) When I play the "Acting Out" game, or some other guessing games, I get excited sometimes and yell like mad.

36. (Q) What conduct marks did you usually receive in school?
(A) I was angelic.

37. (Q) Of whom have you ever been envious?
(A) I am extremely envious of people with curly hair.

38. (Q) What's your favorite cuss word?
(A) Aw, nuts!

39. (Q) By what term of endearment do you usually address your husband? What is his for you?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Write a fan letter to Charlie McCarthy.)

40. (Q) Were you ever jealous of another actress in any of your pictures?
(A) In "You Can't Take It With You" I couldn't help envying Ann Miller's wonderful dancing ability.

41. (Q) What efforts do you make to keep your figure?
(A) None.

42. (Q) What piece of Hollywod gossip have you heard recently which you passed on to your friends?
(A) I don't like gossip, Hollywood or otherwise—either to hear it or to relay it.

43. (Q) What is your sore spot? What one thing called to your attention "gripes" you more than anything else?
(A) It really "gripes" me to be accused of something I have not done. But in gossip columns this is continually happening to the people in our profession. A great actor once said never to answer critics whether they were for or against one—but this doesn't prevent you from "dreaming up" a nice black eye or teeth knocked out!

44. (Q) As a young girl, who were your movie crushes?
(A) Mary Pickford and Mary Pickford.

45. (Q) Did you ever write a fan letter, and to whom?
(A) Mary Pickford.

46. (Q) What is the extravagance you can't resist?
(A) Buying hats for my mother she never wears.

47. (Q) In shopping do you believe that a salesperson rates you as an enjoyable customer?
(A) I dislike shopping and never do it unless I have to. I usually know exactly what I want or never take long to make up my mind, so, if that's an asset in a customer, I have it.

48. (Q) Based on your early experience as a photographers' and artists' model, would you call it a safe, or a dangerous profession for a young girl?
(A) It's just hard work, believe me.

49. (Q) What unbecoming personal mannerism have you had to fight to overcome?
(A) Frowning without realizing it.

50. (Q) What character have you played which you consider most nearly like yourself, and why?
(A) I don't think I've ever played a character who was particularly like myself.

51. (Q) Of all the leading men you have worked with, with whom did you enjoy working least?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Outline three consequences for the next star that plays this game.)

52. (Q) Do you rinse out your own stockings? Shampoo your hair?
(A) I have rinsed out plenty of stockings.—I can't get the soap out of my hair.

53. (Q) In what instances have you been a "sucker" for high-pressure salesmanship?
(A) I came home with five pounds of "Sing-ie Bird Seed" and I had no canaries.

54. (Q) What is your real name?
(A) Mrs. Frank J. Ross, Jr.

Men's Eyes

light...linger longer
on a slender, youthful figure...and
figures stay that way longer
if you keep them in
Foundettes

This smooth persuader is MUNSINGWEAR'S *new* Foundette *panti-girdle. Cut high in front for extra diaphragm control. Cut longer over the legs, so there's no chance for bulge. Luxurious exclusive lace of silk, cotton and "Lastex"* with one-way stretch "Lastex"* faille panel. Style 4208. At better stores.* MUNSINGWEAR, INC., MINNEAPOLIS. **Knit of "Lastex" yarn.*

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HAVE LIPS THAT ARE WARM, INVITING —YET NEVER "OBVIOUS"

IN THE MORNING: Apply Angelus Lipstick.

HOURS LATER: Your make-up is still thrillingly "natural-looking"...no need for constant retouching.

You Simply Use this SPECIAL Lipstick that's made to Blend with the Color of Human Blood

IT'S GAY AND ALLURING—YET WITHOUT A TRACE OF THAT HARSH, "WET-PAINT" LOOK MEN DESPISE

HERE'S a *special type* of lipstick that gives your lips an enchantment you never dreamed possible.

It is called Angelus Lipstick and from the moment you apply it, your lips become alive . . . inviting.

And you don't need apply Angelus Lipstick so often—for it stays perfect for hours, and there is no need for constant fussing and primping to keep yourself attractive.

If you prefer cream rouge, try Angelus Rouge Incarnat. It is made in the same warm colors for use on both lips and cheeks.

Many smart women achieve perfect make-up harmony by using their Angelus Lipstick or Rouge with Angelus "Poudre Incarnat"—the triple refined face powder that comes in five flattering shades matching the most popular colors of Angelus Lipstick or Rouge. Just ask for it by the same number as your Angelus Lipstick. Try this yourself—see how magically they blend with each other and your own coloring.

For a blue-red shade to perfectly match this seasons most popular costumes try

FORMAL RED

Lipstick 404 - Rouge Incarnat #405

AT ANY DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE.

Melvyn of the Movies

(Continued from page 17)

Canada, did not bring the mental chaos of the other changes and Melvyn Hesselberg could mention casually to schoolmates that his father was teaching in the Conservatory of Music.

And there was being twelve, and a strange, puzzling, uncomfortable change within himself; and soon after, in the next year, there was falling in love for the first time—since falling in love was now possible and young Melvyn never the one to take tardy advantage of any situation.

THE August, 1914 afternoon was bright with sun but the wooded lawn of the library had five or six lakes of shade on it, under the canopies of old trees. Gratefully sprawled beneath the largest of the sycamores, a half dozen adolescents waited for a cooler hour. They were at peace, their talk fragmentary.

"I'm going to the matinee downtown this afternoon," one of the youngsters put in irrelevantly. "They're showing a Western. It's got Bill Hart in it."

Melvyn stood up. "I'll go with you."

The boy who had spoken shifted uncomfortably. "I—I'm taking a girl—a girl I met last week. Her father works in the shops. She's gonna meet me down at the corner by the mail-box." Suddenly the boy's expression changed. "Your mother won't let you know that kinda girl, Melvyn."

In the other's grin young Master Hesselberg caught a shade of forbidden wisdom. He did not know what it meant, but with all his vital young heart he resented it. Here again were the implications of his sheltered life and his mother-inspired attitudes, as there had been so many implications in the grins of so many boys before. Melvyn was big for his age—long-boned and tall and lean muscled—and when he let the boy get up from the ground five minutes later that boy's nose was gory and one of his front teeth wobbled as he snuffled.

That same afternoon Melvyn, his hair brushed and his bruises washed, walked slowly up to the corner with the mail-box and tipped his hat to the young, dark-haired lady who (with obvious impatience) waited there.

"Jimmy's had a little accident," he told her.

"Bad?" she questioned. "I mean, is he going to die?"

Melvyn shoved his skinned right hand into a pocket. "He'll be all right, but he said would I take you to the show. I said sure." He waited.

After a hesitant moment she said, "Well, let's go."

Melvyn was suddenly shaky with relief.

They held hands during the picture, in the gloom of the little theater. During the intermission, while reels were changed, the pianist banged out a new song, "Poor Butterfly"; and another, "Pretty Baby."

Then, suddenly, the lights went on, the piano wavered to silence, the manager of the theater stepped out on the stage. He stood, his arms raised for attention. His voice was harsh with excitement.

"England has declared war on Germany!" he shouted.

The words, like an electric impulse, fused the small audience into explosion. When the confusion had died down—the frantic singing of "God Save the King" and the jostling of some to leave the building as if the manager's cry had been "Fire!" Melvyn found the girl had gone. He never saw her again.

He had had, that summer, a job as errand boy for a drug store, but the following spring, when school was out, he looked around for a job that would get him away from home for a few months. His mind did not construct this desire in any analytical terms—he was just fed up. But the oppression that suffocated him could be translated in terms of his mother's increasing supervision of his personal life, of the Sunday Salons when he was instructed to make sandwiches and later serve them to the small group of intellectuals who were his parents' guests.

Word came to him of a farmer who needed a hand for the season, and would pay room and board and ten dollars a month. Melvyn had it out with his family and took the job. It was his first open revolt.

His boss was a hard-bitten old Canadian, with a lean and disillusioned ancient for a wife (a bun of mouse-colored hair was coiled stingily on her lean neck) and a highly unattractive daughter whose virtue, though never so far the object of attack, was guarded zealously by word and shotgun. Here, in a draughty farmhouse eight miles from civilization, Melvyn had his first taste of hard living. He was worked pitilessly during the hot day, starved on a diet of boiled potatoes and fat salt pork, and presented with religious tracts in lieu of entertainment.

In the second month, on an afternoon bursting with heat, he was sent to hoe some rows in a potato patch. Exhausted, he lay down for a moment to rest and fell asleep. The farmer discovered him, fired him on the spot, refused him the second installment of the ten dollars due him, and let him walk the eight miles to the railway.

He made the long trek without stopping, his throat aching with swallowed tears, his face black with the dust his feet struck up. Despite what had happened, he did not want to go home; there was only one consolation. The daughter, starved for love and in love with him, had been getting reckless. In the end, he might even have had to run away on his own initiative.

BACK in Toronto, he faced again the life he knew, and winced at the sight of it. He was fifteen now, precociously tall, with a light stubble of beard which, to his delight, needed shaving. He looked at least eighteen. All about him the home-office-inspired patriotism of that year seethed furiously; as he walked down the streets recruiting officers, with fanatic looks in their eyes, caught at his arm and enjoined him to enter the Cause. "A big guy like you," they said, "staying safely at home while the Kaiser raises hell Over There. . . ."

Staying safely at home . . . the phrase caught in his mind, washed back and forth like a little soup in the bottom of a bowl, worked at last into an idea for escape. That winter, his ideas and attitudes still muddled, his emotions still curdled by adolescence, but with his obsession for freedom from family ties coloring them all, Melvyn went to a recruiting office, swore by what the world then held holy that he was eighteen, and joined the 48th Highlanders.

He faced Edouard and Lena that night, white-faced. "A man has to do something about this thing," he told them passionately. "I've done it and it's too late to change it now."

"That," murmured Professor Hesselberg softly, "is what you think."

The next morning Edouard had a little chat with certain officials, with the

immediate result that Melvyn was quietly released from service, and further, that he was sent back to school with his allowance curtailed and his young mind more confused—and embittered—than ever. If before he had been even faintly uncertain about the motive of his rebellion, now that uncertainty was gone for all time; only now he would know better. He would not trust anyone again, ever.

Thus, the following summer, he made no mention of his plans, but got a job with an iron foundry (engaged in munitions manufacture) and held it for days before reporting his activities to his family. By this time—he was almost sixteen now—he was achieving a more intellectual concept of his views, of his fight against the small traditions, the convenient conventions; wherefore he wore his grime and his overalls with certain pride, found a kind of pleasureable release in sweating elbow to elbow with immigrants, in catching the same trolleys with them at the end of a day's work.

The Hesselbergs maintained a plaintive silence, made no attempt to stop him.

IT was that year that he met another girl. She is important solely because she implanted in his mind the seed of the stage as a possible future. He had seen her often before—third from the left, front row, at the burlesque which, in company with other hooky players of his class, he viewed each Friday afternoon.

Actually he met her for the first time on the aft deck of the boat going to Center Island.

Rather, she met him. She came to stand beside him at the rail. Just below, the close-in wake was liquid churned quartz while a harvest moon painted the far surface a fantastic soft yellow.

She was small, with a body of languid movement, under-toned with excitement. Immediately he was enormously aware of her.

"Hello." The voice belonged. For a time they stood in silence.

"I'll see you on the Island?" he asked finally.

They were almost there. She nodded.

There was a flamboyance, an intense meaning to that week end. . . .

ON the last night they sat side-by-side on the sand, looking out at the calm lake. He had not told his age. There had been no need. But she had confided to him that she was seventeen; and further, that she was fascinated by him.

He had not even thought of laughing. Besides, she had an idea. "I could get you on as a juvenile with the troupe," she was saying now. "You want to get away—" (He had told her a little of himself, not too much) "—and we're leaving on tour next week. Otherwise—I'll never see you again."

He took her in his arms with that. *Why not go?* his mind said. *Why not?* But another section of his brain, a section rooted in his training, intruded with cold perception.

This girl is not really the girl, not really your life.

"I've got to check at home," he told her at last. "There are things—" He held her closer.

"You know I'm crazy about you. I'll let you know about everything tomorrow."

But he didn't.

And after that there was his father's sudden decision to move to Lincoln, Nebraska, to take a teaching post there. Now it was 1917, and a New Year's Day snow covered Rasputin's fresh grave and the Lincoln intellectuals gave a succession of parties for the Hesselbergs and their son. March came, and the Tsar of all the Russians signed his abdication, and Melvyn fell in love again—with a shop girl this time. It was April, and Commodore Vanderbilt put his wife into one of the Lusitania's life boats before going back to his cigar in the splintered lounge, and Melvyn's fraternity politely refused to see him through formal initiation because of the shop girl, and the French retreated at Champagne, and the United States said, "Lafayette, move over."

Twelve months went by, during which the fraternity did not after all go to hell, as Melvyn had suggested, but to France. And the Hesselbergs, firmly if casually, squeezed the shop girl out of Melvyn's time and, finally, out of his thoughts.

It was April, of 1918, and suddenly, as a result of all these things—as a result of being seventeen; as a result of mental catharsis—the "light" came to Melvyn Hesselberg with so shattering a roar that even in this present year, it is still shaking him.

The scattered portions of his personality came together and jelled. He was his own man, possessed of his own will, his own ego, his own inescapable destiny and none of these things, except in retrospect or in origin, had anything to do with Edouard and Lena Hesselberg. These people were there still; they were his; they were even once more beloved; but the bonds were broken.

HE joined the army the next day. He said to Edouard that night, "If you go to them and tell them I've lied about my age they'll courtmartial me and I'll get a turn in the penitentiary." And such was his only son's assurance, newfound, his certain conviction, that the Professor believed him.

The story of Melvyn's eleven months in the United States A.E.F. is the story of any youngster's 1918 experience. He was not sent across. Melvyn Hesselberg, first class private, was sent from Omaha to Fort Logan, in Colorado, where he learned ten good stories, and drilled and, when possible, got slightly high.

He was transferred to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and there learned seventeen better stories, and drilled, and got even higher in a local dance hall. He did these things in company with his fellows, as did all the doughboys. It was the same story. Except for one thing. . . .

Toward the end of the summer his company was moved from the dusty heat swamp of Wyoming to Camp Lewis, Washington, where cathedral pines towered into a clear, cool sky and where somehow the ragged lost spirits of the men were softened a little. The entertainment here was in Tacoma, at the Soldiers and Sailors Club, which had a distinct respectability. Here came the daughters of fine Tacoma families, inspired by unselfish patriotism (and the chance at a good time) to lighten the lives of the soldier-boys in divers ways.

And on one September night to this place came Melvyn, newly a sergeant, seeking light romance.

He found Anne Dawson (we shall call her that) and love—not as he had ever known it, not as he had ever believed it could be.

From one love to another—from Shakespeare to religious revivals and from family intolerance to the freer life that is Hollywood, Melvyn Douglas goes blithely. Continue the hitherto untold story of his fascinating and dangerous life
In March Photoplay

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

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10¢—3 for 25¢ at drug, department and ten-cent stores

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"Beautiful HANDS are essential for Charm," says Madeleine Carroll* (Lovely Hollywood Star)

"Have lovely smooth hands", advises Madeleine Carroll, co-star in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Jergens Lotion helps prevent ugly roughness and chapping; furnishes beautifying moisture for hand skin.

"Winter Dryness" tends to Steal Softness from your HANDS

YOU see them in the movies—adorable "Hollywood Hands". Satin-smooth, soft, their touch caresses! Some girls lose this charm in winter. Little moisture glands in your hand skin are less active; wind and cold, artificial heat and frequent use of water take beautifying natural moisture from the skin. Quick! Supply extra moisture for the skin with Jergens Lotion. So effective for hand beauty! Supplements the natural moisture. Two ingredients in Jergens serve many doctors in helping soften harsh skin. Never sticky! Fragrant! Let Jergens help you have hands that attract romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00—at beauty counters.

TRY THE NEW Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Daily use helps against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

JERGENS LOTION

2 of its fine ingredients are the same as many doctors use to smooth and soften rough skin.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1750 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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Lovers Courageous

(Continued from page 13)

two people who found their ultimate happiness, not through fame and success, but through heartache and despair.

It was back in Dubuque, Iowa, that Father Sheehy introduced Don to little Honore Prendergast, aged thirteen. They were at a school party.

"Just puppy love," smiled the reverend Father to Don's mother, who came to him about it a short time later. "Just puppy love."

But it was Father Sheehy who married the two of them in 1932.

In the beginning, Don had his ups and downs in the theatrical world. Honore smiled through it all, and they had lots of fun anyway, even though there wasn't always a lot of money and it was hard to make toast that first year without burning it. But there really wasn't anything to worry about. If she could just keep Don from playing long shots at the races everything would be all right. "I can manage," she said to herself stoutly.

When Hollywood brought fame and fortune to the Ameches by way of screen and radio, Honore still managed. Donnie and Ronnie, now aged five and three respectively, came along and they had to be managed, too. Don was away all day at the studio and radio station, but he always got home early, in time for a romp with the little boys. "One day," he would tell the youngsters, "you two young fellows will have a little sister. She will make you behave yourselves."

"When, Daddy?" Donnie would ask. "When will we get a sister?"

"One of these days," Don would answer. "Then you will have to watch out."

And always there was Honore's smile to envelope the three of them like a golden light. Honore, always there, ready to kiss away bumps, tie up sore fingers, soothe away little boys' cares and heartaches, and a big boy's fatigue after a long tiring day.

But the morning came when Honore herself was tired. Don went about curiously elated in his anxiety. During the day he talked to five-year-old Donnie on the telephone, telling him to be sure to take good care of Mommie. And in the evening he talked more and more about how to take care of a baby sister in case one should come along. Sons Donnie and Ronnie listened gravely, impressed with the responsibility that they would one day have, if they were lucky.

"What if we got a brother, Daddy?" Donnie would ask. "Do I have to like him? Or can I treat him as mean as I treated Ronnie?"

"You better make up your mind to make the best of him," Don would answer. "Maybe some day we might be able to exchange him for a girl." And he would look over Ronnie's curly head and smile at Honore, and she would smile at him. They were very happy. . . .

ONE day, not so many weeks later, Tom Nair, an attorney friend of mine, called on me in my hospital room. He had just returned from a successful business trip and was in the mood for talking. Finally, he got around to discussing the new streamlined trains. "By the way, Don Ameche was on the same train with me," he stated. "We spent a lot of time together. I made a bet with him that the stork would bring the Ameche family another boy."

"He wanted a little girl, didn't he?" I asked, thinking of the man in the chapel.

"Yes," said Tom, "but he's a fool about kids. I guess if it's a boy he will be willing to keep it."

"Mrs. Ameche is here now," I told him.

"So I read. I sent Don a note yesterday congratulating him in advance and hoping he loses."

I felt queer. "Yesterday," I said, "you both lost. . . ."

Tom said, "My God!"

* * *

Again I saw a man praying—praying this time, not for the little girl who was now only a rosebud dream, but for the little girl's mother, Honore, who lay so pale and still in a hospital bed, her hair parted in the middle and neatly braided in two pigtails.

She looked like a little girl. She smiled bravely, and Don smiled too. *How small and pale and courageous she looks,* he said to himself. *There was so much I should have done to help her. I didn't realize that Donnie and Ronnie were such a man-sized job. I wish she had her little girl. . . .*

How this is hurting him, thought Honore. *He blames himself. He thinks I should have had more help, but it was my fault. I should have realized that Donnie and Ronnie were strenuous. I wish he had his little girl.*

Each saying to himself, "It was my fault." . . .

Each loving the other just a little more. . . .

Aloud, Don said gently to the frail figure on the bed, "Now see here, young lady, we are not to be selfish about this thing. We have Donnie and Ronnie, and there is always the future. . . ."

DON came to Saint Vincent's every day. He sat beside Honore and held her hand and told her how things were at home and at the studio, how many cute things Donnie and Ronnie had said. And sometimes he just sat there, smiling at her. Once, when she must have been feeling a little blue, I heard him singing softly, "We're a couple of soldiers, my baby and me . . . Fighting shoulder to shoulder, whatever may be. . . ."

One day, Honore said, "He is a kind person. We were always in love, but I don't believe I knew, until now, what love really is. And how very fortunate I am to be spending my life with a kind person."

Don never did have much to say. Just "Want some help, Kid?" or something like that, as he went by.

* * *

In Hollywood when a couple is married, the public thinks, "How long will it last?" Because they are all agreed that there is no real and true love in Hollywood. That love, as well as everything else, is just a part, played on the biggest stage in the world. But I won't believe as they do—not since I met Don and Honore Ameche, not since I saw Don sitting beside a white bed, with pain in his heart, singing to a girl whose heart ached, too, even though she smiled.

We're a couple of soldiers my baby and me. . . .

40th Anniversary of
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Publishers of Photoplay

Romantic Recluse

(Continued from page 67)

and for two years things went very well with him. After "The Misleading Lady" he went into that charming and salubrious play, "Damaged Goods," playing the part Richard Bennett played in the American production. "Damaged Goods" attracted considerable attention because of its subject matter which, for the first time, brought discussion of the social diseases out of the clinics and laboratories.

"While I was in that play," Mr. Colman says, amused, "I felt my first acute distaste for public recognition. It was embarrassing to go about socially and be pointed out as the 'hero' of 'Damaged Goods.' The show played to capacity, however, and it took the air raids to darken the theater.

"It was," Mr. Colman relates, with some relish, "my 'success' in 'Damaged Goods' which first drew me among the shades. For George Dewhurst, one of the pioneers of the British cinema, saw my performance and came to me with a proposition.

"Said Mr. Dewhurst, 'I am going to make a two-reel comedy for the cinema and I want you for the star part. It will give you a fortnight's work and I'll do the right thing by you, I'll pay you a pound a day, not counting Sundays.'

"The 'right thing' indeed! That was my foretaste of Hollywood's opulence. *A pound a day!* The man was Midas! But, so far as I know, the film was never released. If it had been and I had been able to see myself as others would have seen me, I am sure that I would have dashed back to my three-legged stool in a jiffy!"

FOR the next three years Ronald skated along on pretty thin theatrical ice. He made occasional short films as "fillers-in" between his stage engagements.

He first saw himself on the screen when he played the rôle of a Jewish pugilist in a picture titled "A Son of David." In the Big Moment he was supposed to knock out a burly ex-professional boxer "who could," remembers Mr. Colman, "have killed me and eaten me with the greatest of ease. I went to look at this picture, took one quick gander and fled. My head looked like a rotating ball on a body abnormally too small for it. I was revolted."

Following that first brief film career in London young Mr. Colman appeared in a few more stage plays. It was while he was playing in "The Great Day" that he first met Thelma Raye, also in the cast, and very soon after they met they were married. Thelma Raye was the first girl Ronald had ever "gone with" at all steadily. They worked together in the theater. They formed the habit of having supper together every night after the show. They decided that this companionship, formed by the common link of the theater, was love. And so they were married, but the star of bright destiny did not hang over that marriage.

IN 1919 the London stage suffered a terrific slump and the actors suffered accordingly. Matters finally reached such low ebb that young Mr. Colman, jobless for too long, decided to go to America.

In New York he found that employment conditions for actors were not much better than they were in London.

But the tide finally did a definite turn for Ronald when he got the chance to tour with Fay Bainter in "East Is West." That tour did many things for the young Englishman who was still being an actor "because I didn't know anything better to be." For one very important thing, it got his bank account up and made it possible for him to refurnish his wardrobe "so that I would not feel like hiding in a dark alley until nightfall." And secondly, in the course of that tour he met Ruth Chatterton, a meeting and a friendship which proved to be a real turning point in his life. For in the Fall of 1922, thanks to Ruth Chatterton, Henry Miller cast him in "La Tendresse," which had a long and successful run at the Empire Theater. Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller were the stars.

It was during the year that followed that Ronald first met Bill Powell and Richard Barthelmess. And there began the three-cornered friendship, the one-for-all-and-all-for-one friendship which has become a part of the Hollywood tradition. John Robertson, the director, introduced the three young men in the lobby of a theater. And at once a rapport sprang up which was to last through the years.

"We may not be three men with but a single thought," smiled Ronald, "but certainly we are three men who think very much alike, and who have much the same outlook on life, share the same values, have enough in common to make us friends for as long as we live."

WHEN a tide turns in the affairs of men it turns exceedingly fast. It was so in Ronnie's case. For one afternoon, after a matinee of "La Tendresse," a card was sent to the young actor's dressing room. The card bore the name of Henry King, the director. He came backstage then and told Mr. Colman that he and Lillian Gish had watched his performance, that they were planning to film "The White Sister," that they had searched everywhere for an actor who could "look Italian," who had "a touch of Valentino." Mr. King added, "I believe we have found him in you."

Ronald Colman hesitated. He had long since abandoned any idea of pictures.

"Can I continue to be in this play if I do the picture?" asked Mr. Colman.

"No," Henry King told him, "we must go to Rome."

"I can't possibly do it, then. I wouldn't leave Henry Miller."

"Mr. King explained," Ronald continued, "that I would have a sixteen-weeks' guarantee at more salary per week than I had ever dreamt of for myself. I was tempted. But I repeated that it would be impossible for me to leave the play. If I did a thing like that, I said, I could not live comfortably with myself.

"But Miss Gish and Mr. King were persuasive and Mr. Miller was very kind. And so, on the following day, I was given my first screen test and on the day after that I found myself on the Atlantic Ocean, in a steamer chair, talking with Lillian Gish."

"The White Sister" was, certainly, the goddess in the machine of Mr. Colman's picture career. For, upon the completion of the picture—six months in the making—the company returned to New York, Ronald did a part in a picture with George Arliss and then went back to Italy again, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, to make "Romola," Henry King again directing. And it was while they were in Italy finishing "Romola" that Sam Goldwyn cabled Mr. Colman that he had just seen "The White Sister" and would Mr. Colman consider coming to Hollywood as immediately as possible to play in "Tarnish" with May McAvoy and Marie Prevost? So the mountains

Madeleine Carroll
Co-starred with
Fred MacMurray
in Paramount's
"Cafe Society"

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Add charm to your smile. To enhance the beauty of your smile... to bring out the natural lustre of your teeth, take a tip from Hollywood—use Calox Tooth Powder, the same soft, smooth dentifrice so many screen stars use before they face the camera.

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7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES AGNES EVER SATISFY HER CHILDREN BETWEEN MEALS WITHOUT SPOILING THEIR APPETITES?"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!

ONE OF AMERICA'S GOOD HABITS

Beech-Nut

had come to the mummer. And so, with few misgivings, Ronald Colman came to Hollywood. There was nothing, thus far, to warn him of the lurid limelight with which Hollywood publicity would, increasingly, baptize its stars.

IT would take a telephone directory to list all of the pictures in which Ronald played in those first years. But it was with the making of "The Dark Angel" that there came the next landmark in Ronald's career. And a landmark, too, in the "career" of the cinema. For Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, starring in this Goldwyn production of still-blessed memory, were the precursors of the teaming idea which was later to become so popular in Hollywood. They so stormed the box office, the dark handsome man and the blonde beautiful woman, that they continued to team in some six or eight pictures, including "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (which also served to introduce Gary Cooper to the screen), "The Night of Love," "The Magic Flame," "Two Lovers."

They were finally separated for the reason which still "divorces" most screen teamings . . . i.e. . . . the studio can make more money by splitting a successful team, putting a less well-known player with each member of the star-team, thus doubling their profits from the divided merchandise.

"I made my first personal appearance with the opening of 'Bulldog Drummond' in San Francisco and in New York," Ronald told me. "It was the first time, excepting in Hollywood on occasions and when I made my first return trip to England after we did 'The Rescue,' that I had really met the picture fans face to face.

"It was a gratifying experience, professionally. But I was terribly, horribly ill-at-ease personally. I had to stand before them, denuded of *Drummond*, as myself. I knew then that I would never be any good at that sort of thing. I have never tried 'that sort of thing' again."

PICTURE followed picture in such rapid succession that the young man began to feel suffocated. "The theater is like Life," says Ronnie. "There is feast or famine, there is no work at all or there is nothing but work . . ."

He played in "Raffles" with Kay Francis, to whom he was promptly reported "engaged." This was Ronald's first experience with "publicity" romances. He did not know then that a suggested romance between a young man and a young woman starring together in a picture helps to "sell" that picture. Ronald and his wife were separated by this time, but not yet divorced. But this slight obstacle did not prevent the Press from carrying "rumors" of his "engagement," first to Kay Francis, then to other girls with whom he worked in pictures, occasionally to young women he had not met at all.

Superimposed upon his natural reticence, this sort of publicity created in him a sharp aversion to any "meddling," either factual or fictitious, with his private life.

And he discovered that he was not alone in his revulsion. Kay Francis detested "revelations" about her private life and said so, trenchantly.

Ronald had, by this time, taken a small house behind a high wall in an outpost of Hollywood. He began, then, his habit of entertaining his friends at home or going to small private parties in their homes. As he began to retreat further and further from the spotlight and the limelight where, most prolifically, the "cultures" of publicity were brewed and grew apace, the legends began to grow around his name. In murmurous undertones and sometimes in headlined overtones Hollywood called Mr. Colman a "hermit," a "recluse," an "anti-social" mystery man with something "very strange" about his habit of seclusion.

Ronald began to feel the need of getting away from it all. He went abroad again. He went to London to see his people, to Paris, to Rome. He found that no matter where he was he could not get away from Ronald Colman, the movie actor. He had become a trademark, his face was a poster. He boarded ship again and went around the world, stopping off at remote ports. This was a little better. But even in the most unlikely places he found that the long, prehensile finger of Hollywood publicity had preceded him and that the trademark called Ronald Colman was recognized.

"I felt," he tells you, "exactly as I used to feel as a boy when I stumbled into the drawing room at home to find that there was 'company' for tea, only now it was not so easy to stumble out again. For now the 'company' was everywhere. . . .

"There are some demonstrations of public interest in a star which are gratifying. If, at any time, for instance, a stranger speaks to me, whether flatteringly or critically, of some picture of mine, I am pleased and interested. But this is not the kind of attention we attract, we who are on the screen. The more restrained demonstrations of interest accorded celebrities in other walks of life are not for the likes of us! Certain incidents are representative: dancing at a club one evening I was poked in the ribs by a jovial fellow who circled about my partner and me, screaming into our ears, 'Say, I heard you talking to the lady just now and you talked just the same way to Frances Dee in "If I Were King"; d'ya always talk to women the same way? Boyoh-boy, *some* line!'

"On another occasion I was dining with a lady in an hotel restaurant when a bibulous stranger wove his way to our table and demanded that I dance with his wife. It was, he said, a 'command performance from the Little Woman.' When I explained, rather unnecessarily, one would think, that I was already engaged he became very belligerent, very, very noisy and wanted to know whether I thought I was 'too good' to dance with his wife!

"I remember well the occasion of Bill Powell's first trip to England when I tried to show him my London. We started out for a day of sight-seeing. And in the hope that we might not be 'sights' ourselves we took one of those deep-seated taxis into which you sink so low that only your eyebrows are visible. We hadn't gone more than half a mile before we realized that we were being watched, eyes were peering down on us from the tops of busses, from the windows of office buildings and private homes. We visited one or two of the old landmarks and then gave it up. When we had to sign autographs while standing on the stone in Westminster marked 'O, rare Ben Jonson!' we knew we were licked.

"The glitter surrounding a screen star has robbed me of many of the pleasures and privileges I value, however peculiar my sense of values may seem to be. I am the sort of person who, perhaps unfortunately, does not care for the rewards so-called Fame brings. And though a gift may be rare and costly if you give it to a man who has no use for it, it is not precious to him.

"The glitter called Fame has robbed me of friendships, both old and new. Some of my old friends who have not been so fortunate with this world's goods as I have been, naturally feel reluctant about accepting hospitality they cannot return 'in kind.' On the other hand, I often meet men with whom I feel congenial and have reason to believe the congeniality mutual. Nothing develops from these meetings. Because, though it is nice to hope that they may say to themselves, 'Colman seems a pretty good sort,' it is certain that they add, 'but—a *movie star!* I can't keep up with that!' I don't blame them. But such experiences do make me all the more anxious to behave myself as a private citizen when I am not at work.

"AND so, eventually," said Mr. Colman, "I decided to become a free-lance player, to sign no more contracts for more than one picture at a time. I made up my mind to do not more than one picture a year, two at the outside. This plan would give me more time to myself and less publicity. And this is what I do. I read scripts when they are submitted to me. If the script and the part interest me, and all other terms are agreeable, I make the picture. Otherwise, I reject it.

"I did such pictures as 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'Under Two Flags,' 'Prisoner of Zenda,' 'If I Were King' because I wanted to do them. I may make another picture this year. I may not make another picture for five years. Perhaps I may never make another picture again. I like the feeling of 'perhaps never again.' It is an elastic phrase. It gives me a sense of time and space and freedom. In the intervals between pictures of my own choosing I can travel or stay at home, seeing our friends, following, though amateurishly, in my father's horticultural footsteps. I have my home in Beverly Hills, which is now our home. I have bought acreage on the Big Sur in the northern part of the state and some day we may build a permanent home there, a ranch. There is sufficient money for our needs which are on the modest side.

"I do believe that my childhood and early youth, my war experiences, my early days in Brooklyn and New York, all of the pieces which have gone to make my particular pattern, have given me a taste for living quietly. I still feel, as I felt in my childhood, that the more obscure I make myself, the happier I will be.

"I may sound ungrateful about a state of affairs which yields so many tangible rewards as does this business of being a star. In these difficult times, especially, a man should thank God that people want to see him and are willing to pay money to see him. I should like to make it very clear that I am grateful for the opportunities Hollywood has given me to do my work. And very grateful, indeed, for the comfortable rewards these opportunities bring. But if I could step off a sound stage and become invisible, I would be that much the happier."

DON'T MISS THE MARCH PHOTOPLAY

Nina Wilcox Putnam, distinguished American writer, brings back one of her most lovable characters, Marie La Tour, old-time star. A fascinating and funny novel of the believe-it-or-not-side of Hollywood today, we predict this will be one of the most popular serials we have ever published

Beginning in the MARCH issue

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 52)

to the tune of more wasted thousands.

This time, it serves Isa Miranda for her Hollywood debut.

"Hotel Imperial" presents Isa as a clever aristocrat out to find the man who ruined her sister and avenge her death. In her manhunt, Isa travels with a wandering theatrical troupe, meets handsome Austrian officer Ray Milland and gets mixed up in the big Russo-Austrian-Galician battle of 1916.

Ray Milland looks very smart in his Hapsburg uniform and Isa exciting in her veiled hat the day of our set visit.

Next, we hurry over to what's certainly the smartest movie idea of the month—"Café Society," which concerns the fads and foibles of the smart international set.

Paramount tried to get a number of the real Manhattan smarties for this, but the only one they have rounded up so far is Lucius Beebe. Meanwhile, Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll and Shirley Ross are taking care of the story about a café society leader and a newspaper ship's reporter. Madeleine's the capricious playgirl; Fred's the newshawk. He makes the mistake of telling her she's no longer news, so she marries him to get her name on the front page again.

CHECKING out of the movie studios and on to Radio Row, we find the NBC and Columbia radio temples quivering over a few private earthquakes.

First of all, Hollywood's prestige on the air took it on the chin when William Powell lost his job and Hollywood Hotel folded up for keeps.

Bill, however, will get another air job, if he wants it; but the rumor is he doesn't want another steady one. He's still in shaky health. W. C. Fields' departure from the Lucky Strike Hit Parade was his own idea, however. Nobody can please Bill Fields with material; he has to write it and it makes him nervous. Bill is getting fat again and having fun—and with his bankroll he can do as he pleases. The third movie star to fall by the microphone wayside is Adolphe Menjou. They couldn't see his moustache and his impeccable wardrobe over the air and the Menjou voice was just another voice to the millions. John Barrymore takes over the Texaco show, but Ned Sparks' buzz-saw voice remains—the only new solid click among the many ambitious air-minded movie stars.

George Burns' batty half, Gracie Allen, is getting all the spare orchids along Radio Row. She came up with the new Gilbert and Sullivan type of musical air comedies which are lifting the Burns-Allen program way up there. The titles are her idea, too. For instance: "Three Loves Has Gracie Allen —and Two to Go!"

Carole Lombard is the biggest audience draw of the season. When she went on the Lux Theatre, all Hollywood's cops were sent over in a hurry to handle the crowds. The most nervous movie star of the month was Paulette Goddard on the Chase and Sanborn hour. Before she stepped up with Don Ameche to do "The Prisoner of Zenda," her first dramatic broadcast, Paulette stood in the wings and sipped champagne for courage.

Charles Boyer's Woodbury Playhouse engagement made a great radio impression, but the memory of Boyer around NBC is not so glamourous. He came to rehearsals in a shiny old blue suit, wearing slippers and no tie; he spoke to no one. After each show he slipped in to hear the Jack Benny Broadcast.

Good News has a new name for Frank Morgan—"Grandpop." Frank's golden hair has turned completely white since he has been on the show. The sponsors sent a film notable a case of coffee after he guestarred on "Good News" and the star sent back a wire. "Thanks, do you know a sponsor who makes doughnuts?"

A NEW program, "Gateway in Hollywood," will open another avenue to young screen hopefuls. Wrigley is sponsoring it with veteran producer Jesse Lasky and the lucky winnahs get an RKO contract! But producers mixed with radio spell only headaches to Irene Rich. The other day her air script burlesqued a movie producer and Zanuck and several other movie tycoons called up fighting mad!

Bob Hope seems on the air to stay; what's more, Mrs. Hope is auditioning for a radio career. Bob's extra money has gone toward buying a stained glass window for his church in North Hollywood. A lot of Jack Benny's profits of the last few years are now sunk in a valuable piece of Hollywood property on Sunset near the NBC and CBS studios. Andy Devine's saving his spare change; reason—the new addition to the family. Lucille Ball is investing in a Hollywood flower shop.

The best romance note of the month concerns Edgar Bergen. His newest girl friend is tall, attractive Helen Wood, radio actress with "These We Love." When he introduced her to Don Ameche at NBC, Don cracked, "You ought to get along swell with Charlie McCarthy —with a name like that!" None of the rest of Bergen's girl friends has, though!

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

NOW YOUR POWDER BASE PROVIDES EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO!*

NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you give it *extra* skin care. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

Geraldine Spreckels
CALIFORNIA HEIRESS
"Now this 'skin-vitamin' is a thrilling new reason for smoothing my skin with Pond's."

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

[illegible], Pond's Extract Company

For
LOVE'S
SAKE
avoid
LIPSTICK
PARCHING

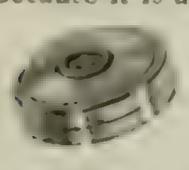
• Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free, from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect your lips from lipstick parching. Your lips, Coty-protected, look like soft, red satin.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge

Because it is actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick . . . 50¢.



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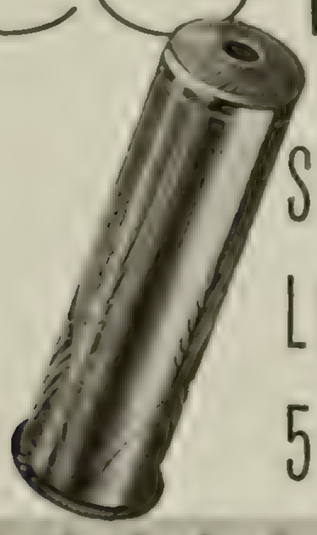


SUB-DEB
LIPSTICK
50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching

Hollywood Girls on Their Own

(Continued from page 20)

she must find a way of saying it that will not antagonize people. If she has decided to say "yes" when she feels like it, she is always in danger of having her name bruited about carelessly, until some day she sees her name in headlines.

THE bit player who wants to become a star some day has one of the toughest sex problems in all of Hollywood. Even if she offends some man who won't take "no" for an answer, the featured player can always hope that she's made enough of an impression in Hollywood so that her fans will write to the studio asking when she's going to appear in another picture. The bit player, who may earn as little as $35 or $50 a week, has two terrific problems.

First, on her salary, how is she going to be able to dress well enough so that she'll look beautiful and attractive in her clothes? Secondly, if some important director does make advances and she turns him down, what is to prevent him from seeing that she isn't called for another picture? She's so unimportant, comparatively speaking, that the chances are if she doesn't make a picture for years no one will notice her absence. At the same time, if she makes a hit with the director, the cameramen and the lighting experts, they can direct her and photograph her in such a way that she'll stand out. Her problem is even worse than that of the extra, because most of the extras in Hollywood realize that the chances of their ever getting anywhere are pretty slight, so they haven't as much to lose by saying "no."

Bit players and other girls earning between $35 and $50 a week usually share an apartment in an apartment house with another girl, paying $50 to $75 a month for the apartment. Very often these apartments come completely furnished. Most likely, the girls who pay $50 a month for rent live in an apartment house where there is no switchboard.

Living with another girl is a great convenience when you have to turn down a too-importunate suitor. If you live with another girl and the boy friend becomes a little too ardent, it is always possible to say, "Sh, you'll wake up So and So." Also, you have a grand excuse for saying good-by to him at the door if you wish to. You can't disturb your roommate who is sleeping, but you're terribly sorry about it. Some other night, perhaps.

THE Hollywood extra girl is a kind of law to herself. The chances of an extra's becoming a star today are almost infinitesimal, so there is really no good reason why the Hollywood extra should have to worry about whether or not she makes a hit with someone influential.

There are more than 10,000 extras in Hollywood earning from $7.50 to $35 a day, depending upon whether they are just plain extras, dress extras, or have lines to speak. The competition between them for even a single day's extra work is very keen. As extras have little to do with a picture except to be there and occasionally to speak a few lines, the method of selecting them from among all the girls registered at Central Casting is rather haphazard and studio politics, family and personal influence often enter into it. The extra finds it wise to keep on good terms with as many assistant directors, cameramen and electricians as possible. One of her greatest problems is to keep these men friendly to her without granting favors that would compromise her. Generally she gravitates into having dates almost exclusively with men in pictures who have executive or advisory supervision of the extras.

The extra generally lives either at the Studio Club, an organization run for girls connected with the motion-picture industry, where she can get a room and two meals a day for as little as $8 a week or a room with bath for $13 a week, or else lives in a $40 a month bungalow court apartment, sharing its two rooms with one or two other girls. Unable to afford even a secondhand car unless she is exceptionally successful, she travels to work by street car or bus. Usually the clothes she wears are so stunning you would imagine that no girl earning less than $200 a week could afford to buy them.

I asked a Hollywood girl how the extras in Hollywood manage to look so well-dressed, since it is an exceptional extra who averages as much as $50 a week during the course of the year.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What do you think?" she said.

Her implication is obvious. However, this isn't always true. Many of the extras in Hollywood have an uncanny clothes sense and know how to pick up marvelous buys at sales.

THE girls who have technical positions in Hollywood as writers, designers, decorators, publicists and secretaries do not have to worry as much as the extras or bit players about not getting ahead because they've said "no" to the big boss. While there are some men in Hollywood, just as there are men everywhere in the world, who have made improper advances to their secretaries, they are the exceptions. The average secretary in Hollywood makes from $25 to $50 a week; the average publicist from $50 up a week to a salary in four figures (if she ever becomes tops, which few women do, as the executive positions in this field are held mostly by men); the head of a research bureau at one of the studios earns about $100 a week. None of these girls has to mix sex with business unless she wishes to.

They live on about the same scale as other girls in Hollywood who act in pictures, except that they don't spend quite as large a proportion of their earnings on clothes. However, the secretary in Hollywood spends more on clothes than the average girl in other towns. If she earns $50 a week, she may spend $25 for a dress, $10 for a hat, $10 for shoes, $10 for a bag.

When she goes out in the evening, her dinner dates are often Dutch-treat, although she may be very attractive, and would, anywhere else but in Hollywood, be the most popular girl in town.

She has a variety of sex problems, ranging from the simple problem of what to do when her date wants to come inside her apartment and spend the night there to dramatic problems involving men who may drug her drinks, suggest assignations at their apartments, and eligible men whom she might be interested in marrying, except for the fact that they are definitely not the marrying kind.

In Hollywood there is an amazingly large number of people on the fringe of the motion-picture industry. They are usually the hangers-on, the girls who originally came to Hollywood to get into the movies and gradually drifted into jobs as hostesses, professional escorts, guides and companions.

The escort business is a thriving Hollywood business. Very often men from the East who know no one on the Coast come to Hollywood and telephone an Escort Service to hire a feminine companion for the afternoon or evening.

Obviously, a girl who accepts a position like this has a rather dubious status, and many of the men who take her out will feel that they are paying for more than just her companionship. If she doesn't want to accept familiarities, she must be very tactful, for the tips she receives depend on her keeping the good will of the men who escort her.

ANOTHER job which the hangers-on who don't want to go home sometimes get is as "Sitter and Listener," a unique service which Hollywood's fertile imagination originated. In Hollywood there are a great many invalids who have come to California in order to enjoy a balmy climate and these invalids often get lonely. Providing constant companionship for them is often a strain on their families. That's where the "Sitter and Listener" comes in. She is paid $3 an hour, of which she keeps $2 and gives her bureau $1. Her duties are to entertain the patient for a stated number of hours.

Since the "Sitter" or "Listener" is much more apt to be a plain Jane than the girl who works for an escort service and since the invalids get a great deal more fun out of harping on their troubles than talking about love, her sex problem is much less acute than that of the girl who works for an escort bureau. In fact, her only sex problem may be that she has none!

One thing which almost all visitors to Hollywood notice is the startling beauty of girls who do all sorts of work from manicuring nails to waiting on customers at drive-in hamburger stands. Often the answer is that these girls came from small towns, where they were told by all their friends that they "ought to be in pictures." Coming out to Hollywood, they found that they could not crash the union barriers at the Central Casting Office and finally took the first job that came along.

Girls in this category have much the same problems that any girl earning $15 a week in any town would have. She cannot afford to buy herself pretty clothes; she lives in a $5 a week room, which she shares with another girl. Her greatest pleasure is lolling on one of the many near-by beaches. Like all the other girls in Hollywood, this type soon learns that the town is no happy hunting ground for a girl in search of a husband.

Shopgirls in Hollywood face many of the same problems they do in other towns, except that it is harder for them to get married in Hollywood and infinitely harder to stay married.

There are many girls on their own in Hollywood—more than in any other town in the world. Many of them have come to Hollywood because they think it is the land of romance, the land where dreams come true. Often they have saved up their money for years in order to come to this town, where they believe the cream of the world's eligible men can be found. After they have been in Hollywood a few years, they usually start saving their money desperately to get away.

There are many girls on their own in Hollywood—but not very many of them like it. Most of them would infinitely rather be happily married.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

nd add so much to the charm of her ew coiffure.

A BRAND-NEW FACE—By this time, owever, you must have definitely de- ided whether or not you can wear your air up high on your head. Everyone, f course, tried it at first, but there's no enying that some of us can't get away ith it. Even if you're still wearing our hair in a long bob, you've drawn back off your face anyhow to give ou the new barefaced look. But you've robably come to the same sad realiza- on that's hit all of us, whether hair up or down: that you have a great eal of face and it looks quite undressed ithout that flattering frame of hair round it.

You've found you have a whole new ake-up problem. With your hair high n your head or drawn off your face, our eyes are now more arresting than ver before. If your forehead is high wide, your face is liable to look ightly top-heavy.

Raising your eyebrows makes your yes seem larger and more dramatic, ut your brows must still look natural. thin penciled line has a tendency to ake your face look like an egg with eatures drawn on it, so keep the brows eavy enough to add character and rama to your face. Pull out the hairs nderneath—never touch those on top.

Instead of using an eyebrow pencil, y brushing mascara lightly on the top urve of your brows and on the fine int hairs that grow just above this. this way you can afford to leave st a narrow line of your brows and ull out all the others. Be moderate this, though, as in everything else, ecause if your brows are too high you ok like a perpetual question mark.

O prove again that beauty is a per- etual care and that you can't let own for even a day, be sure to keep our brows plucked and clean, because here's nothing more unattractive than girl whose brows are growing in un- dily with stray little hairs under- eath. Use one of the little magnifying irrors so you don't miss a single hair.

at on antiseptic so your lids won't nart and smooth cream into your lids keep them soft and discourage dry- ess or tiny lines.

Instead of using an eye shadow in the aytime, try patting a tiny bit of vase- ne or cream over your lids to give em a luminous transparent look. It ill make you look young and dewy, oo. To keep that young look, apply our make-up with a very light, deli- ate hand. You have to blend your ouge carefully and be sure to carry it ut lightly almost to your ears. It's atal to be absent-minded when you're aking up your face. You're liable to rouge just the front part of your cheeks and completely forget the rest.

Remember, too, that your neck has also joined the great open spaces. With your hair off the back of your neck, your nape will be nice and soft and white because it hasn't been exposed to the weather, but your throat is probably somewhat darker. Obviously, something has to be done. Use softening and bleaching creams on your throat and blend your powder down over your chin. Be sure that your entire neck and face are exactly the same color. Try a liquid powder foundation on your neck to give it a smooth even look. Make up the back of your neck with the same care that you do your face and throat. Just because you can't see it doesn't mean that no one else can.

TRAVEL TIP—If you're planning to go away for the week end or on a cruise or just to visit your cousin in a near-by city, I've gathered some marvelous tips for your from Priscilla Lane on the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Priscilla and Rosemary traveled for five years with Fred Waring's orchestra and learned all the tricks of the beauty-bound. Their perfume bottles never spill over and they don't find powder sprinkled all over their clothes when they unpack their bags.

"I learned by sad experience never to carry full bottles of astringent or hand lotion during cold weather," laughed Priscilla, "because I did it once and all the liquids froze and expanded and broke the bottles. My clothes were a wreck. Now I pack only bottles that are half-full.

"If you carry powder in adjustable shakers, you won't spill it. Use a complexion brush instead of a wash cloth because you can wipe it dry before repacking it."

For a short trip, Priscilla buys her cosmetics in the dime-store size instead of taking her regular large-size jars that take up so much room in her bag. She carries either collapsible toothbrushes or cheap ones which can be thrown away.

"If you stick to one brand and color of nail polish when traveling, then you can give yourself a quick patch job without any difficulty. And the easiest things in the world to forget are cotton, cleansing tissue and an antiseptic white lipstick for dry lips, so you'd better make a mental note to be sure and remember them."

Priscilla's last tip is to wear a bandanna tied Mammy-fashion over your hair at night to protect it from dust and help preserve the wave while you're traveling. A hairbrush will help to keep your hair clean.

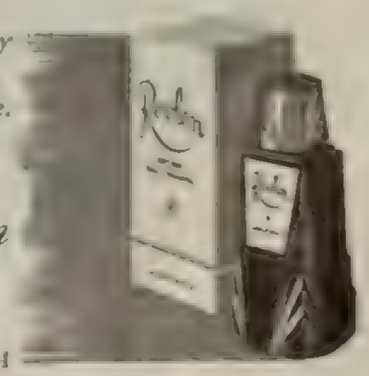
So have fun on your trip!

Martha Raye and her husband of four months, Dave Rose. She prefers her hair-do half up, half down, which is the choice of many of the glamour gals now

Why **REVLON** *is fashion's favorite nail enamel the world over . . .*

"Revlon is *my* favorite nail enamel because it wears so well and stays lustrous so long," says Elizabeth Gibbons, strikingly attractive photographic model. "It comes in shades that are definitely *exclusive*—just like the originals of famous French dressmakers! You *can't* find such colors anywhere else. Revlon goes on so easily and never streaks. Its rich *quality* texture makes nails perfectly beautiful. Since I've been using Revlon, my nails have been on their best behavior!...Revlon is the only nail enamel in the world for me!" ✧ Miss Gibbons' sentiments are universal. More fine beauty salons throughout the world prefer Revlon Nail Enamel over any other nail polish because it stays on so beautifully between manicures and creates *steady* manicure customers. An outstanding example is Ivan, Fifth Avenue Hair Stylist, who has dressed many of the crowned feminine heads of Europe. ✧ Society leaders and celebrities from the four corners of the earth come to Ivan's New York salon for expert beauty care. Here Revlon is used always, because it meets Ivan's exacting quality and fashion standards as though made to his order! ✧ And so Revlon is fashion's favorite Nail Enamel the world over... *You* will prefer it, too. Like Miss Gibbons, you'll find it *best.* Best for looks, best for wear, best for the nails! *Featured in leading department stores and in quality beauty salons.* ✧ New! Revlon's JUELTONE! Rich vintage color, flattering as jewels to the nails. Three tones: JUELTONE-1, light and delicate; JUELTONE-2, medium, more intense; JUELTONE-3, dark and dazzling.

Nail "Tips": *At last! A normalizing nail treatment developed by Revlon to help keep nails strong, flexible...given with Lactol, a creamy emulsion, thermostatically heated. Ask your Beauty Salon for this Lactol treatment manicure.*



Revlon Nail Enamel Corporation

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WHY WAS CLEOPATRA *Never Kissed?*

➔ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" —but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer—fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions—yet the economy of *using* Italian Balm is a national by-word. A drop is sufficient for both hands—because Italian Balm is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. You'll love its clean, fresh fragrance, too.

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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid

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Love Finds a Dizzy Blonde

(Continued from page 21)

Everyone who is at all interested must be familiar, by now, with the almost unbelievable record of Marie Wilson's sixteen-year-old, one-girl assault on Hollywood. The small legacy she used to take her out of Anaheim, California, and set her up in what she hoped to be impressive opulence. The big car, the mink coat—they were part of it. So was the hilltop house. Only Nick Grinde wasn't. He was the only thing real. Maybe that's why Marie fell in love with him.

Because, after the girl-meets-older-man-next-door episode in the middle of the street, Marie set out deliberately to make the bachelor director like her. It didn't look like an easy job.

For one thing, Nick was frightened by Marie's family. He felt, because of his age, they must regard him with a hostile eye for taking out their seventeen-year-old daughter. Marie's folks are fairly serious people, too, and Nick's natural wit fell on barren ground. They didn't understand each other.

So, in spite of the fact that he was actually welcome, Nick steered away from the Wilsons'.

Marie and Nick had their dates mostly in Nick's house, under the disapproving but effectual chaperonage of Ching, his Chinese manservant. Ching's resentment of what he considered a conniving young hussy's hold on his master's affections smoldered in his bosom until he bordered on violence and Nick had to let his trusted manservant go.

They saw each other two or three times a week—Nick and Marie. After dinner, Marie would stroll across her yard and ring his doorbell, get glowered at soundly by Ching and walk in, to spend the evening with Nick, talking over her life and her dreams, listening for other hours to his interesting tales.

She had other dates, of course. The young bloods of Hollywood flocked around. Jackie Coogan, the Stroud twins, Johnny Newell, Tommy Lee—a lot of them. They called her "Exotica" which pleased Marie.

When Marie told Nick about this, he roared with laughter. Nick laughed at most everything Marie told him. He saw her for the ga-ga kid she was. And he was amused. The act was funny enough to him but the ambitions of Marie to become a great actress were even funnier.

Consequently, the director—screen-ambitious girl setup of their relationship which might have proved awkward and fatal to their romance never intruded. Because he considered the whole thing a young girl's glamorous hallucination from which she was bound to recover sooner or later, Nick never used his studio connections to force a break for Marie. In all the years of their friendship, all he did was to call Ben Piazza once, at Marie's request, and identify her so Piazza would see her, and incidentally, so Nick hoped, give her some good advice.

Ben Piazza gave Marie the good advice. He said she had a nice figure and interesting eyes, but he didn't see any talent written conspicuously in anything she did. She talked wrong, walked wrong, and her personality, he hinted, would be much more effective in Anaheim than in Hollywood.

But Richard Wallace, a director at Paramount, whom she managed to see by herself, was a little more helpful. He told Marie she would have to give up the idea of getting in pictures right away. She'd have to study first, make herself all over. Then, he allowed, she might make the grade.

Marie went right to dramatic coach Sandy Saunders and started the remodeling. It was a year and a half before she got even an extra job. Mrs. Saunders took her for nothing when she didn't have the money to pay, for which Marie will always be grateful.

HER ambitions and her serious campaigning, however, she kept apart from Nick Grinde. She knew he wouldn't take her seriously. She shrank, with a woman's intuition, from mixing business with love, which is more than a lot of smart Hollywood beginners have had the sense to do.

Marie concentrated on making Nick like to have her around. She tried to make him comfortable. She tried to be so nice and quiet. She filled his pipe, listened to his stories. If the radio was too loud or too low she'd run over and fix it. Only more often than not she'd trip over a lamp cord on the way. The studio people were right. Marie had no more poise than a June bug. And that complicated things.

Because as Nick Grinde began to find in the little girl next door something that he missed when she wasn't around, he started to take her to the homes of his friends, and he had some very well-traveled, smooth-mannered friends who lived in exquisitely appointed homes. Marie always managed to do something wrong.

Marie will probably never forget the evening Nick took her to a quiet cocktail gathering at the house of one of his good friends. They sat before a coffee table bedecked with costly crystal glasses. "For Heaven's sake," she cried in mock terror, "don't let me touch them. I break everything I see." Whereupon she accidentally gave a ZaSu Pitts-like sweep of her arms and proceeded to send the whole set crashing in little pieces on the floor!

And when she wasn't doing the wrong things she was saying them. One of her typical blunders lost a friend of Nick's his job. The friend, an assistant director, was flashing around the studio pass of a major lot's executive head, kidding lightly about his own status as a big shot. After he had gone, Marie found the pass where he had dropped it on the floor. Without stopping to think, she telephoned the office of the studio head and asked if she should send it over, explaining the details. The executive, outraged that someone should be flashing his pass, called the offender in and promptly sacked him.

"I don't know why Nick ever put up with me," Marie wonders today, "unless he was just fascinated—trying to guess what I'd do next!"

The answer, of course, is that Nick Grinde was in love with her. There was something about the wistful sweetness of Marie, doing the wrong things at the right time, believing in phony fairy tales and telling him about them that got Nick. Behind her ingenuous stare he saw the right stuff.

As for Marie, her friendship with Nick developed into love after a few feverish dates on the side with youthful cleft chins and wavy heads with which Hollywood is well supplied. And so, after a year or two, when Nick saw that Marie was actually in earnest about the acting business, he began to encourage her. Marie talked over every tiny thing that happened to her at the studios; Nick gave her good advice.

It was the Packard, though, that really gave Marie the chance that was to lead, eventually, to Warners and her big chance on the screen.

The Packard ran out of gas one day and Marie, wearying of looking helpless, started to push it. A newspaper writer saw her and helped. He liked her and introduced her to an influential studio friend.

Marie wrote the script for her own test—a comic skit of her own experiences trying to get a job in the movies. The test, made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, brought nothing and was kicked around Hollywood for a year or so. One day, by mistake, Jack Warner and Hal Wallis got into the wrong projection room.

Somebody was running off Marie's test. Warner and Wallis stayed in the wrong room.

When they left, Marie had a contract on the way.

Marie Wilson's rise as a first-rank comedy star has had little effect on her romance with Nick Grinde, except to bring it closer to consummation. Although they were both at Warners for some time, both refused to mix business with pleasure and work on the same set.

The one time they did, in "Public Wedding," a director took sick and Nick was put on the picture.

Then an actress took sick during the picture and Marie was put in it. So there was no way out.

IN spite of the success that seems assured Marie Wilson since "Boy Meets Girl," she is still giving no definite date for her marriage to Nick Grinde. Although she hopes to be married early this winter, there remain some family complications.

Also Marie is keeping her fingers crossed about her career. It has all happened so suddenly that she's wary of its permanence. That fatal finger on her left hand is still without an engagement ring.

"Rings are so expensive," explains Marie.

The official seal of a formal engagement would mean little indeed, however, to Nick and Marie. She has depended on her mature boy friend long before this for advice on everything. He even bought her a new, and this time, modest little automobile, because, as he explained, he was tired of looking at the old Packard out in front. It was beginning to tear down property values.

And when Marie took the new automobile out and promptly got mixed up in one of the most serious traffic accidents in Hollywood, Nick took up the legal details of the mess, got her a new car out of it and generally acted like a dependable fiancé should. Which included, of course, daily visits to the hospital where Marie lay for nine weeks with a very good chance of not coming out.

The smashup had driven what the newspapers referred to as a "hair ornament" about an inch into her skull and uncomfortably close to the brain. Only it was no hair ornament, Marie confessed, but a screw from the car's top, or somewhere.

"With a screw loose in my head," grins Marie, "how can you expect me to be sane?"

The point is, no one does—including Nick. That's why they're so happy.

Close Up of the Groaner

(Continued from page 23)

This should put guest stars at ease on his programs, but a few of them have blown higher than a kite just thinking of the contrast between Crosby and themselves.

There is a belief that the day Crosby learns he is washed up in radio and pictures he will say, "Oh," and go home and eat.

HIS home life is a pleasant turmoil of domesticity. Fresh from his crooning, he will be confronted at the door with a report of his four sons' wrongdoings. He may spank one, put two to bed and forbid the fourth to play "Snow White" records on the phonograph. Sometimes, at the height of a feud, the boys must be fed in separate rooms. There is always noise and a visitor finds himself involuntarily ducking.

Gary, the eldest son, is almost as deep-voiced as his father and considers himself a man. If permitted, he would rule the brood with an iron hand—the same iron hand that has left its mark on furniture and walls alike without partiality. Gary has a girl but remains discreetly silent about her unless giddy with coca-cola.

During the filming of "Sing, You Sinners" the boys were brought to visit their father on location. They sat in a row, respectful and quiet, watching preparations for a scene. Then Bing started acting. Gary jumped to his feet and poked the twins. "Hey," he said derisively, "look at the old man!"

The shocked nurse elbowed Gary into a sitting position. "Don't talk like that," she admonished sharply.

"Aw," said Gary, "he knows he's no good."

INCONSIDERATE to a fault sometimes, The Groaner has drastic reversals. He has let a production unit twiddle its thumbs while he watched a horse race. He has refused to work unless an unemployed property boy is hired. He would not start a picture unless a certain cameraman was used. The result was that the gratified individual lighted Bing so brilliantly in scenes that he stood out like a well-polished loving cup.

I have seen his patience tried. He is proud of his ranch home near Del Mar and the interior is spotless. There were several of us warming ourselves over a bottle after a pack trip into the mountains and finally one of the men aimed a hunting knife at the living room door. The knife glanced and knocked a large chip from the painted surface. Then somebody else picked up the knife and threw it at the door. That was the start of a contest. Bing sat watching, quietly. After a while he went outside and I followed.

"That's a lousy trick in there," I said.

"They're just having fun," said Bing.

"It's nice of you to take it this way," I said. "If it were my house, I'd be sore."

"I am sore," said Bing.

"Then why don't you do something?"

"They're just having fun."

We went inside. The door was a mess and they were still throwing. Bing picked up the knife and held it a moment, and I was waiting. Then he threw the knife and it lodged in the door.

"That's the way to do it," he said.

Bing's Toluca Lake house is a spacious colonial affair, the second he has built in the district. Before the first house was built, he bought the available land surrounding it. Soon he sold both the land and the house and bought more property near by. If the profit from the land didn't pay for both houses, I'll eat one of his Hawaiian shirts.

He is incorporated for radio, pictures, phonograph records, race track activities and several lesser ventures. He is on the board of directors of many strange things, including an eating club. The incorporation employs two of his brothers and his father. I once worked for the outfit as a radio writer, receiving my contract from one brother, my checks from the other and an autographed picture of Bing from his pa.

"Did you ever think Bing would amount to anything?" I asked the father.

"Well," he said, "he was all right."

Bing's mother is solid American. She doesn't like to see Bing drink in a picture but she lives in her own house with the father where she won't interfere with anything. She goes to Bing's race track with her husband, and they sit in Bing's box, studying their form sheets. They look at the tips from Bing's stable and usually discard them. Then they discuss the merits of all horses. Finally the mother says she will split a two-dollar bet with the father. He talks about horses some more and goes to make the bet. It is too late.

Bing's wife, Dixie, picks her friends and sticks with them. Most of them are holdovers from the early days and Hollywood doesn't know them. That's all right with her, and it's all right with the friends.

But what I started to say is that Bing as an actor didn't interest me until I realized that off the screen, basically, he is the small-town boy who loves the full life and hates work and all its routine and will never--let him live three hundred years—amount to a row of bad peas.

It is not my fault that even God sometimes is guilty of miscasting.

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1. Nelson Eddy
2. Marlene Dietrich
3. C. Aubrey Smith
4. Mary Brian
5. Dorothy Lamour
6. Spencer Tracy
7. Nancy Carroll
8. The assistant to the head electrician on the set
9. To plug the sound equipment to the camera
10. Mary Astor
11. Texas
12. Michael Whalen
13. Boris Karloff
14. "The Count of Monte Cristo"
15. Bette Davis
16. Ginger Rogers
17. Proper breathing
18. John Barrymore
19. Phil Regan
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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

MOULDING MYRNA

I NEVER thought I would be writing adverse criticism about Myrna Loy—but here goes!

Years ago I wondered when the movie moguls would recognize the ability of lovely, girlish, unaffected Myrna. When she was finally starred I was amazed to see her cast as a sophisticated and rather blasé type. In grooming her for the parts, the studio must have given her an icy veneer.

In "Too Hot to Handle," Myrna wasn't even slightly lukewarm. In one sequence, she says "how terrible" and shortly afterwards she says "how wonderful." There was absolutely no change of voice. Her voice rang with insincerity and artificiality. Her emotion seems to be limited to occasional gasps of "oh" plus a slightly startled look. I'm sorry Myrna has fallen off her pedestal. I don't think she is entirely at fault. The studio made a mould and poured Myrna in and it just didn't turn out the Myrna it should.

MRS. MCBRIDE DABBS,
Mayesville, South Carolina.

HET-UP OVER HEDY

AFTER reading Margaret Lemworth's comments on Hedy Lamarr in the "Boos and Bouquets" section of January PHOTOPLAY, I, for one, am rushing to the aid of the beautiful *and* gifted Viennese. I can't understand how anyone who saw her performance in "Algiers" could possibly doubt that Miss Lamarr has definite talent in addition to being divinely photogenic.

The trouble with most of the people who make up American movie audiences is that when they see a truly great actress they can't appreciate her. They are so used to the overacting of Hollywood's favorite glamour girls that when a performance, notable for its restraint and subtlety, hits the screen, it isn't even recognized as acting.

Hedy, the woman, is a "joy for ever"; Hedy, the actress, is superb. My only worry is that Hollywood may doom her to "clothes-horse" rôles and not give her another chance to "shine" the way she did in "Algiers." But don't blame that on Hedy, please!

HOLLY BIRMINGHAM,
Rochester, New York.

HISS, HISS, HOORAY!

THE "terrible-tempered Mr. Bang" has nothing on me when it comes to those pests who go to the movies for a gab fest. For a number of years I would move quietly to another seat when I was annoyed. At times I have called an usher and in my best Emily Post manner asked him to speak to those who were causing the disturbance. Oh, yes, I've been called an old crab and taken further insult for daring to report them. I've tried giving dirty looks, too, and while that may silence them for a few minutes, it seems it takes more than a dirty look to shut them up completely.

At last I've struck the perfect solution. I cast decorum to the wind, turn around and give a loud, hissing SH-U-S-S-S-H. I'll admit I've caused a disturbance myself, but those who have been carrying on the conversation are usually so embarrassed they remain quiet for the balance of the performance.

FRANCINE LARKIN,
Dallas, Texas.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

AS LONG as you invite both criticism and praise, I will send a little of the former and be relieved to let off a little steam in this innocuous way. I recently saw "Too Hot to Handle" and came away dazed and full of questions I wanted answered. In the first place, I dislike those sophisticated and smart-alecky names which have nothing to do with the content of the picture. Then it was like a four or five-ringed circus with so much going on in so many quarters of the globe, and such a display of bombing in one hemisphere and native negro dances in the other, with so little continuity to link up the divergence, that it left the beholder, at least this one, worried. Besides it seemed to me terribly poor taste to make a laughing matter out of such stark tragedy as the bombing of the poor Chinese. The hero and heroine seemed to be falling out for unknown reasons and making up for equally dim ones, while the protagonist and the antagonist seemed hating each other, and then going around in bosom-friend manner—the whole thing was a jumble.

MRS. HERBERT GARDNER,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 10)

Brothers, for whom he is executive producer . . . yet, in the last year, his productions of "Robin Hood," "Jezebel," "The Sisters," "Brother Rat" and "Four Daughters" have been so outstanding that the Warners, and particularly Jack Warner, who is his immediate boss, have been only too glad to let the spotlight of fame fall upon him. . . .

Wallis looked around for an opening in the studios . . . any studio . . . but the only chance he saw that he could get was a berth in the publicity department at Warners . . . now for an unbelievable number of intelligent and talented men a studio publicity department has proved a dead-end street . . . but not for Wallis. . . .

The bright particular genius of Warner Brothers at that time was Darryl Zanuck and the crown prince of the family was Mervyn LeRoy, who was their chief director . . . Warners began putting out their series of hard-hitting, hard-biting pictures of the seamy side of American life . . . and they made millions . . . when Darryl Zanuck left to found his own organization Hollywood speculated as to how the Warners would get along without him . . . they got along fine, thanks to their wisdom for appointing Wallis to fill the vacancy he had left. . . .

In fact, they got along better than fine, for while Wallis started out by producing "Little Caesar," a thriller in the typical Warner manner, made after the Warner method with an inexpensive cast in an impossibly short length of time, he also persuaded the Brothers that you could go, successfully, in another direction, too . . . for he it was who persuaded them to let him produce "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and later, "The Life of Emile Zola" and certainly "Robin Hood" and "Four Daughters" are an entirely new type of thing for Warners to be sponsoring . . . and making a fortune thereby. . . .

YET, for all this, Wallis hasn't a single "longhaired" thought on the making of pictures . . . he would be more annoyed than anything else if you called him a genius and irritated by the label of inspiration being put upon his work . . . with him the making of the finest possible commercial movies is a business . . . and therefore being a businessman himself he has no intention of going in for any temperamental acts . . . besides he is too busy . . . he sees every foot of film that is made each day at the Warner studio . . . he talks to actors . . . he interviews writers . . . out of it all he has a gorgeous time doing the job he loves best on earth. . . .

Thus, in his quiet, calculating person, he represents the best of the brave new world of Hollywood that does promise us all a happy New Year . . . along with the people who sigh and say that the color has gone out of the town there are those who grumble that Hollywood isn't realistic enough . . . they look at the Rockies putting their snowy crowns up against the sapphire skies and complain that those mountains shut Hollywood off from the rest of the world. . . .

Perhaps I should care that that is true . . . but I don't . . . I am thankful it is true . . . for the holidays have just come and gone in Hollywood and the hills after their lovely fashion were green and scarlet with the blooming holly trees and every little way, as you drove along the twisting roads, you would see the tall white candles of the yucca flowers . . . and there were laughter and ambition and dreams everywhere . . . for these people of Hollywood are the everlasting children of life . . . the continuous young in heart . . . and there is still for us, through them, the way to dream. . . .

And this, it seems to me, is very like it was once before when the Dark Ages shadowed the world and in many countries men were afraid to speak but here and there, hidden in a monastery, or some dim castle, the light of learning was kept alive so that men might find their way back to happiness again . . . it seems to me this is Hollywood's mission for 1939 and that it will fulfill it . . . let the cynical say if they like that this is merely being blinded by stardust . . . who cares . . . what every lover of motion pictures knows is that it is better to be blinded by stardust than it is to be blinded by tears. . . .

Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

able to carry out their duty. No one would ever awaken her again.

So, it seemed, she had been alone that night in the house on the hillside.

"Wasn't she afraid?" the detective asked.

"She was never afraid," her father said, and for the first time since he had seen the crumpled figure among the scented pillows, he smiled. It may have been a smile of pride. "There was a bell connected with my room, if she ever wanted me. It was right by her bed. I kept a pistol and a shotgun out there. Shotgun mostly for them big rabbits that eat up my garden. Them jack rabbits are an awful pest."

They examined the pistol. It was the wrong caliber to begin with and obviously hadn't been fired in many a day. And a shotgun hadn't made that small, clean, fatal wound.

The motorcycle cop on patrol hadn't seen anything. The neighbors had heard nothing.

It came down to the empty safe, after they'd dug as far as they could into her life and loves. It was amazing how discreet she'd been. Discreet and secret. Half a dozen men were supposed to have had affairs with her, but there was nothing to prove they had been her lovers. She had not married.

But there had been enough jewels in the empty safe to pay, nowadays, the price of murder. The insurance company had a list of them and they were insured for a hundred thousand dollars.

"Just like a woman," the detective told the insurance investigators, "keeping all that stuff in a little cracker box like that. Like asking somebody to come up and help themselves. Anybody could open it, easier than a baby's bank. And, of course, there ain't a fingerprint on it."

Between them, the police and the insurance company did all the usual things. They brought in and checked up everybody connected with the jewel ring. They brought in every safecracker.

They sweat the servants and the studio maid, who was the only one who knew the combination to the safe. Nothing came of any of it.

Hollywood drew a long sigh of relief. It was a murder with a robbery motive. That might happen anywhere. It was no stain upon Hollywood's fair name.

"Nothing to do now but wait for the jewels to show up," the insurance men said gloomily. "The old man didn't have any idea she had that much stuff. He looked dazed, he sure did. He'll be able to retire and go back to Omaha now. Well, we'll watch the European market."

But they have never shown up anywhere and I do not think they will.

For they are hidden very deep in the earth of that Hollywood hillside, packed down with rocks, covered carefully with sand and dirt, and already the heavy matted grass and the wild flowers and the leaves of the scrub oaks have covered them for several seasons.

THE old man, her father, had been restless that night. He often was. He did not sleep well. But he had become philosophical about it. He waited out the night hours as he had waited out so much else in life—his wife, and his daughter and—other things. It was a very dark night, especially in the shadow of the hill. Not even the stars sent any pale blue light, though if you walked down to the edge of the road you could see a few of them.

It was while he was walking down that he saw the little car parked on the driveway just inside the high adobe wall, deep in the shadow. A pretty little coupé of some color as dark as the night. Often enough the old man saw cars parked there at night in the shadow. He knew them well. The long black roadster, heavy and expensive. And the smaller sports car. He knew those cars well. But this small elegant car he did not know.

The lights were still on in his daughter's room, the windows were an orange glow above the little patio. You couldn't see those lights from the road. On his way back, he stood a minute looking up at them. He was surprised because it was after midnight and usually she was in bed before that when she was working. She took very good care of herself, she did.

Then he heard her laugh—that little excited laugh, so like her mother's. Often enough, as he walked his garden or climbed up the hillside on sleepless nights, he heard that little, wicked, excited laugh, and then murmurs in the night and his heart froze because it was so like other nights, many years ago, nights he dared not let himself remember, when love and faith had been murdered in his breast.

And then, to his amazement, he heard a woman's voice.

There were seldom any women at his daughter's house. She was not popular with women, though she was too shrewd to let them get anything on her.

Suddenly, he heard a voice raised—the woman's voice. It wasn't a scream. It wasn't even loud. But it had in it a terrible, passionate intensity. The very sound of it made the old man begin to tremble.

All desperation seemed let loose in it. The dark night was suddenly alive with danger.

And then—his daughter laughed. Afterwards, he was amazed beyond belief that even she had dared to laugh in the face of that desperate voice. Then, he was too numbed to be amazed—he heard only that wicked, excited, triumphant little laugh.

The shot, not loud, cut it down, cut it in two, left it hanging in the air like an insane echo.

HOW he got upstairs to the bedroom he never quite remembered. But the first picture of it as he opened the door was engraved on his mind forever.

He saw his daughter, crumpled among the scented pillows, the red stain on her breast, with her dark head thrown back so that her throat made an arch, and her dark eyes open, staring, painted motionless on her still white face. He saw the glowing orange lights and the lush purple satin bed and the tall woman in blue with the gun in her hand.

The woman moved first. She turned and looked at him. A thrill of pure astonishment went through his brain. For the face of the woman didn't match the rest of the picture at all. It was a plain, middle-aged face, with wide-apart gray eyes and a big, gentle mouth that was gray-white now. The hair under the simple blue hat was seal brown and it was odd that he should notice it was long and rolled into a simple knot at her neck. He noticed, too, that her clothes were plain but very rich and well-cut and that she still wore gloves and that—why, she looked like a lady.

"Is she dead?" the woman asked, quietly.

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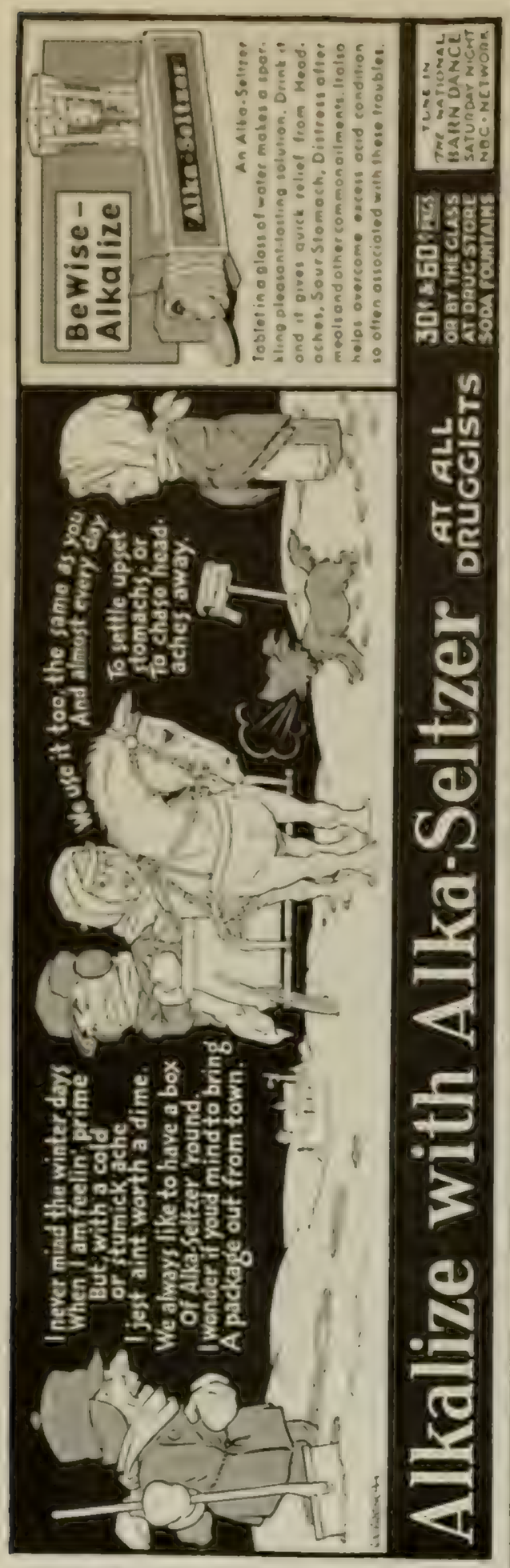

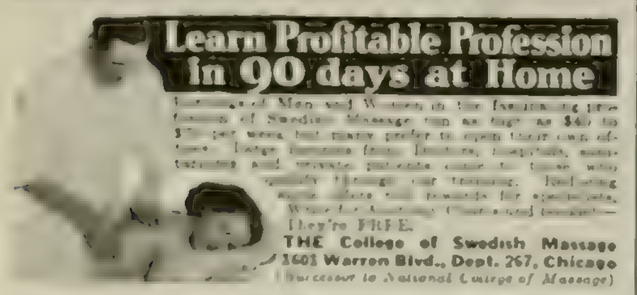

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The old man's brain began to function. And it was very, very strange, the thoughts that came into it.

He looked at the still figure and the widening splash of crimson and he said, "Oh, yes, she's dead."

They stood, staring at each other. "I'm her father," he said. "Who are you?"

She told him her name, still quietly. It was a very great name. It was, he knew instantly, also the name of the man who owned the great, dark, heavy roadster that stood so many nights in the thick shadow inside the adobe wall. He was—but does it matter? Producer, executive, director—anyway, one of the powers that be, above all other powers in Hollywood. This woman, with the gun in her gloved hand, was his wife.

"She laughed," the woman said.

"I know," said the old man, and remembered how her mother had laughed at him, when he was on his knees, begging, pleading, broken. The same excited little laugh when he had begged her not to leave him because in spite of all that he knew he couldn't seem to think of living without the touch of her. He had groveled there, and she had laughed and gone just the same, taking the child with her. He had never seen her again and then, years later, he'd seen his daughter on the screen. The name wasn't the same but no mistaking her. The fates, perversely, had filled the same mold twice. And drawn by his own agony he had gone to her.

Oh yes, he knew that laugh.

THE woman swayed, and he came out of his boiling memories and put an arm around her and made her sit down.

"You should—telephone—a doctor—the police—" she said, and her throat was convulsed so that the words were broken.

"No," said the old man, slowly. "No. Not just yet. We—must think. Why did you come here?"

"I came—I shouldn't have come," she said. "I thought maybe if I begged her, maybe if I told her about the children—" The words began to pour out, matching in flow the blood that still flooded from the dead woman they ignored now for a brief moment. "You see, it didn't matter when the children were little. But now—it's been going on for years. Oh, I knew. I always knew. But I thought in time—but then—you see, it was ruining him. Like a fever. He was different. Lately, he's been—you can't understand."

Her father thought of that other little sports car and the slim, tall blond young man who drove it away at two and three in the morning. He understood quite well why of late the paunchy, overworked, gray-haired man who was this woman's husband had been almost mad. All this was as though he were living his own life over.

"He wanted a divorce," the man's wife said and began to weep.

"Don't do that," he said. He went over and touched her shoulder, and held his hand there until she was quieter. Then he turned out all but one of the lights. A shadow fell across the chaise longue. The old man grinned a little to think that, for once, she couldn't take any part in the scene. He hoped she was lingering near, trying to scream at them, trying to call them names—the way she did him sometimes when she got mad—and that she knew they couldn't hear her. She couldn't do anything about it any more.

"How did you get in?" he said.

"She let me in," the woman said. "I—asked her to see me."

How she must have loved that, the old man thought. "Did anyone else know you were coming?" he said.

She shook her head. He took the gun away from her then, and put it in his pocket. He had made up his mind. There was a chance—a chance—and he was going to take it.

Aloud he said, "It's all right. Keep perfectly still a minute."

IT was as though, with his terrible memories, his youth had come back to him for a moment.

He walked over and looked down at the dead woman.

"It's funny," he said, to the woman who sat frozen in her chair, her gray eyes wide and terrible with her awakening realization, "but it seems right she should die like that. How many people—people—in Hollywood know all about her and your husband? I always thought people in Hollywood knew everything."

"Nobody knew," the woman said bitterly. "Nobody but me. You see—she wanted to marry him. And she didn't want a scandal. Because, you see, there were the children and his mother—he—my husband—he was afraid of his mother. So they sneaked—and lied—and met in Paris—and went away on his yacht sometimes and he came here. Oh, she was clever. She had him—" the woman made a gesture with her hand as though she were squeezing something, "but she was playing for big stakes.

"I'd never met her—and I came—I thought if I begged her and showed her what she was doing—"

The old man smiled. "Not much use in that," he said.

"I *couldn't* have done this," the woman said. "I had it in my heart—I wanted to kill her—but I couldn't—"

"Where'd you get the gun?" he asked.

"I carry it in my car," she said, "because I drive alone at night—to the beach house—I—I thought I'd frighten her maybe—and then she laughed."

"Well," said the old man, "we got to act quick and very quiet and you got to do just what I tell you."

After all, there wasn't so much to do. The night was very dark. He got the little car out and headed down the canyon.

Then he went back and made her fix her face and then he put her in it. "Can you drive home?" he said. "You got to. For them kids. If you can get home and nobody knows anything there—don't you worry."

Funnybone tickler El Brendel, snapped at the Hotel Peabody in Memphis, shows what the true sportsman is carrying this year—a rifle, salt cellar, tame duck and a copy of Photoplay

HE had the combination of the safe and he opened it and took out the jewels, wearing his old gardener's gloves all the time. Then he knocked over a couple of chairs and took a bottle of perfume and threw it at the wall, like maybe she had thrown it at the man opening the safe. He knew her fingerprints were on that bottle, all right. She was always perfuming herself. He didn't touch her, where she lay. It looked all right. He studied it carefully. Like maybe she'd fallen asleep on the chaise longue and waked up and saw the man opening the safe and started for the bell to call him and knocked over the chair and then grabbed up the perfume bottle and thrown it when the man backed her toward the chaise longue. Looked all right.

He left the one light burning and then he went downstairs and outside and, with his tools, forced one of the low windows off the patio, taking care to stand on the flagstones so he wouldn't leave a footprint, and cut the screen and crawled through the window.

The jewels and the gun were in his pocket. Tickled him he'd had the combination of that safe. That silly studio maid of hers had driven out one day to get something out of it. Being in a hurry and half-hysterical anyhow—*she* could get people like that—she'd been all thumbs and couldn't manage the thing at all. Women never could seem to open safes, anyhow.

So she'd asked him to help her and he'd done it and remembered the numbers, not knowing exactly why, only as he always remembered everything about her. How furious she would have been if she'd known.

The still path up the hillside was familiar to him. He wore sneakers—the same ones he always wore. Lots of times at night he climbed that path to the very top, because from there you could see the ocean. On moonlight nights it was lovely.

But tonight it was very dark, pitch-dark. The powers of darkness served him tonight, not her. He took along a sharp trowel.

The hole was deep and careful and he was careful as he crawled under the brush and scrub oaks not to break any branches. He came up here often after yuccas. He planted the gun and the jewels deep and covered them carefully. Even if anybody knew where to look they'd hardly find them. There was lots of fine earth in which to hide things.

When he got back he remembered to try the front door, to be sure it was locked. Then he went upstairs to bed, not turning on any lights and he was actually asleep when the maid woke him with her wild screams the next morning.

NO, the jewels haven't ever turned up. Probably, said the police, they'd been sent to Europe and reset. So the insurance company paid the money and the old man decided to stay on in the Spanish house on the hillside.

"I'd hate to leave my garden," he said, gently. "Besides, it was her home—and it's got memories for me."

So Hollywood went its way and there was no scandal. And a family went its way, and if the woman was quieter and sometimes sad, and if she spent more and more of her time upon her knees in a dim corner of a church and in good works, nobody noticed it much. And the old man tended his garden and perhaps stood guard over that path up the hillside.

The tree of forbidden love in Hollywood bears many strange fruits—including murder. But don't look for the house in the canyon or the little old man, because that was just my way of telling the story.

Like Ferdinand—He Loves to Smell Flowers

(Continued from page 28)

he way around just because somebody's able to come out and chase us off?" the riend will say.

"No, it isn't that. But look—look at hat grass, every blade a living thing. ife growing there. Living. It's beauti-ul."

And over the face of the friend, as he urns to stare at Jimmy, will come that elltale expression that says, "If you eren't my friend, I'd slug you. So help e."

Jimmy's is a sort of absent-minded-ess that comes with very ripe old age nd subsequent kidney trouble. Why he ot it, the absent-mindedness, this far in dvance of old age is beyond the family's nowledge.

One day, in New York, while dining at is mother's home, his wife telephoned immy from a corner drugstore to ask he had the house key with him.

"Just a minute, I'll see," Jimmy said. ropping the receiver, he walked over his coat that hung on a chair. "Yes, ure, I've got the key," he said quietly himself—and went back to his dinner. he receiver hung while Mrs. Cagney ood in a phone booth and fumed.

AGNEY'S life story reveals a strange ing about him. He neither fought, ormed nor schemed to get to the top. e thinks he did, remember. But I oubt, knowing the aesthetic quality of is being, if Jim has it in him to ham-er his way along. No, instead, Cag-ey merely set his compass in the direc-on he thought he'd like best to travel nd then manfully stood his ground, hile the hurricane of events poured ver him. He did not mold his life to attern. Life molded Jimmy. And, hen it was all over and the strife and torms and heartaches had beaten and orn themselves away, Jimmy looked own and saw himself, surprisingly nough, on fairly solid ground.

He started his theatrical career as a horus *girl*. He was notoriously un-retty. From any angle, in any pose, he as only personable in a gruesome sort f way. It was noticeable from the last ow in the gallery. It was spoken of ith malice in several sections of the lled theater. In fact, the only thing hat saved him was the fact that Allen enkins, in another chorus, was even nprettier than he. Still is, for that natter. Jimmy wasn't crazy about im-ersonating a girl on the stage, but it aid twenty-five dollars a week, just en dollars a week more than he re-eived as a bundle wrapper in a de-artment store. So he stuck it out and vent on from there to fair breaks and ad breaks, and fair breaks and bad reaks, like an interminable sea, rising nd swelling and beating him down only o rise and swell and beat again.

He had two good chances at Broad-way; first, in "Outside Looking In," a lay with Charles Bickford; again in Penny Arcade" with Joan Blondell. Both times he showed to distinct ad-antage, but he was not a seasonal sen-ation by any means. He hadn't yet urned to that sneering, clammy-hearted hoodlum of "Public Enemy" hat made Jimmy Cagney theatrical his-tory.

Cagney is a man misplaced in life, professionally, and he knows it. He is neither unhappy nor whimpery about it; for, fortunately, acting pays well enough to permit him occasional glimpses of the life he really loves.

He is a beauty lover right through to the soul of him. A farmer who loves the earth. He is even more than that. He is an aesthete. He sees beauty in a tree. A flower. A day. A gesture. A blade of grass. Music. The sky at sea. A pretty girl. A moth.

Say what you will, our Mr. Cagney has a great deal in common with another one of our friends, one Ferdinand the Bull. Time and again the comparison in the life circumstances of these two characters of extreme aesthetic tastes has come to my mind. Here are two souls who, through accidents, were thrust, and I think you can call it thrusting, into an arena of combat. Ferdinand, to face a frenzied matador on a field of Spanish gore; Cagney, to face a frenzied cop on long rows of Hollywood celluloid.

The very circumstances behind the projection of Ferdy and Jimmy into fields foreign to their tastes are strikingly similar. Our male bovine, for instance, had the indelicacy to sit on an indignant bumblebee, who, in sheer self-defense, struck Ferdy squarely in the rump, sending him leaping and galloping into the arms of waiting combatants, who imagined, by these goings-on, that Ferdy was only something this side of terrific.

Jimmy, while also not attending strictly to business, was hit by a theatrical bug that sent him galloping off into the arms of Warner Brothers, who also had ideas concerning the caperings of the reflexed Mr. Cagney.

There were times when Jimmy tried to get away from it all and, figuratively of course, go back and sit under a tree and smell the flowers. He tried it, figuratively again, in several pictures for Grand National and only recently in "Boy Meets Girl." He's convinced now, after the success of "Angels With Dirty Faces," that he must stay in there and fight—or be fought by an indignant public.

THERE is a universal belief, one gathers, that Jimmy is a product of the Ghetto or the broiling turmoil of New York's east side. He isn't. His home, in Yorkville, was that part of the city proper inhabited by poor and hard-working Americans as well as Germans, Jews, Italians removed from the mother-country by one generation.

The Cagneys, fatherless even before the baby sister was born, and almost penniless, functioned as a unit. They had to. United they could and did survive. The boys, all four of them, hustled after school but daytimes they went to school and high school and universities. They became doctors and business men and Phi Beta Kappa key holders—all because the mind of one Irish woman was obsessed with the idea of education. They grew up with it in their hearts and minds and souls; they never dreamed of disobeying. But it wasn't until after high school and further education removed them from that particular environment that these Cagneys discovered the world did not talk with a Yorkville inflection. And, quick as a flash to catch on, they changed their mode of speaking.

The sentimentality of the Cagneys among themselves was often commented on. When they left their mother at the door to run down to the corner grocery, they kissed her tenderly, kissing her again when they returned. Grown boys at that. Their happiness at being held together by this woman found expression in this manner. And still does. But then, they're naturally a sentimental lot, the whole kit and kaboodle of them.

At twelve, Jimmy experienced his first real suffering. He was homesick, while at home, for the green of the countryside he'd discovered for the first time when on a two weeks' vacation at a boys' camp. He'd tramp the crowded sidewalks with his soul full of ache. He'd found the thing he loved—nature, beauty. And he could not bear to be away from it. In fact, the first money he ever saved in his life went for a crudely constructed, crack-polluted shack on a wooded hillside in New Jersey. He'd go out there between jobs or over week ends and just sit, gorging himself on the woodland beauty, while the mosquitoes gorged on Jimmy.

Now, circumstances have permitted him to buy a bigger shack on a farm (this time with no cracks) on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts. Here he spends every spare moment between pictures. The way he fits into the life there is touching and amazing. To see him there among the old inhabitants—fishermen mostly—is really to know James Cagney, Public Enemy Number One of the screen.

He'll drive down the wooded road and meet up with a neighbor. "Hi, Jim," the neighbor will nod quietly and solemnly, and Jim, in the same tones and same expression, will nod back, "Hi, Lem."

Many of these people haven't the vaguest idea Jimmy's the cinema star of Hollywood. And those who do aren't impressed. He'll gather with them down at the anding, and, for hours on end, discuss the business of boats and fishing and farming and life and, as the talk flows along, one will know that Jimmy Cagney has come home at last, and at last found—peace.

He painted his barn red so the blue blossoms of a prize tree would show up to greater and more artistic advantage. And when the hurricane hit his beloved island last Autumn, it was right to that tree that Jimmy flew with anchors to keep it from being snapped with the gale that bent it double.

YES, this Cagney's a funny guy all right. A fellow who can adapt himself to any circumstances of living. For instance, when he and Mrs. Cagney returned to Hollywood for a picture before their new home was completed, Jimmy said, "Why spend all this money to live in a hotel suite? There are a couple of rooms finished over our garage, aren't there? Well, let's move in."

And there the Cagneys lived, happily and contentedly, for months.

He gets kind of a little boy kick out of the Western outfit he wears in "Oklahoma Kid" and loves to talk with the old codgers on the set, men who really saw the lawlessness of the old West.

And yet, he hasn't the kind of mind that can comprehend or appreciate a man's hobby if the scope of that hobby consumes time and money. Lloyd Bacon was talking to Jimmy about the elaborate toy train set he once owned, and the pleasure the costly miniature outfit had afforded him.

"How much did it cost you?" Jimmy asked.

"Oh, about ten thousand dollars," Bacon replied, "with all the equipment."

The face of Jimmy Cagney assumed perfect blankness. His mouth fell slightly open as he breathed, "Holy smoke . . ."

He keeps in the best of trim and will climb over the hills all by himself just for the exercise. He's careful about his diet. Except for cookies. As I said in the beginning—there's something about Jim Cagney and a plate of cookies. . . .

"There's a new month on my calendar"

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

THE *Jones Family* has a new member in this rollicking episode—a grandchild who soon succeeds in breaking up the family. Quack doctor Reginald Denny moves in and proceeds to bring up the new baby scientifically, and the net result of all the hygienic methods is that grandfather Jed Prouty rages and father Russell Gleason leaves his wife, Shirley Deane, until great-grandmother Florence Roberts takes a hand.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Colonial-Paramount

THE children will probably like this, but if you've grown fond of the comic strip character, you'll be very disappointed in the picturization. Ann Gillis is *Annie* and, if you can imagine it, she manages a prize fighter. The town heavies lock him up on the night of the big fight but, with the aid of the community ladies, he breaks free and wins the fight. Who cares, anyway?

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio

WHEN you see the kids' bikes lined up outside a theater in the afternoon you will know this is showing. Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis star, with Tommy still being too angelic for Peck's Bad Boy. The story is what you'd expect it to be. Benita Hume and Spanky McFarland are also in the cast.

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

HERE'S Joe E. Brown back again, with a swell comedy angle to work on. He's the leader of a troupe of actors who run into Leo Carrillo's banditti while en route (in a trailer) to New York. Carrillo fancies Steffi Duna, one of Brown's thespians, and so the troupe is held in captivity.

Joe E.'s antics, during the interim, will send you rolling into the aisles.

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

AFTER "Love Finds Andy Hardy," this next in the series could not fail to crack the boxoffice for new records. The *Hardy Family* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go to visit old friends who own a ranch in the West. These friends are having trouble over water rights and while *Judge Hardy* labors to straighten out the situation, *Andy* and Cecilia find that the Wild West is tougher than they thought it was.

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS "IN SOCIETY"—Universal

THESE *Little Tough Guys* (Frankie Thomas, David Gorcey, etc.) have quite a time when they get a vacation on a rich estate. Society matron Mary Boland invites them to bring her snobbish son, Jackie Searl, around—and climax comes when a crook stages a real stick-up. Then the Tough Guys, and Jackie too, come to the rescue. It's all handled from a comic viewpoint.

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

WHEN Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride, Olympe Bradna, he discovers his family is planning to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey. Out of such a situation comes excellent comedy, with plenty of slapstick action to give it added interest.

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

YOU swing it. We give it to you. You're tired of football now, anyway, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown (he's been a college boy too long) and Robert Wilcox being pals. Wilcox grandstands in football games while Brown is considerate and doesn't. Still, this threatens their friendship. Constance Moore doesn't help any, since both love her. Guess how the big game comes out?

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal

PUT a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer and a prize fighter together, yell "Roll 'em," read a good book, and then yell "Cut!" You get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran, lawyer Edmund Lowe loves Helen, but nobody else loves anybody else. Someone is killed (you won't care who) and they accuse Foran. Lowe takes the case, despite loving Helen, who loves Foran, who gives up fighting to be a bellhop. Oh, well. . . .

PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

IN this picture, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as gals who, of all things, are prize-fight managers. This situation is good for quite a few laughs, with "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies romance, such as it is.

SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

ADD another college picture, on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is a Harvard Senior who doesn't want to get married. But he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan and when she gets together with her girl friends he hasn't a chance. Everything winds up, including his hopes for the free life, at a Spring Dance.

Writing is badly done and Ayres is at a disadvantage. Burgess Meredith, as his pal, hams just a little.

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

FOR those whose interest in the theater is very great, this is a handsome and especially well-done piece of education. Simplicity is the story's keynote, with Luise Rainer cast as the poor factory girl who wants to act and to whom Art is everything. Rainer is at her best in this. So is Paulette Goddard, as a practical actress. Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin, Anthony Allan and other good troupers lend their able support, but watch Goddard.

THE SHINING HOUR—M-G-M

"THE SHINING HOUR" is a little tarnished, but you can't blame its stars for that. Joan Crawford gives one of the most polished performances of her long career; Margaret Sullavan, as is inevitable, steals each scene she's in. The story is that of a lowborn dancer, La Crawford, who marries a rich Southerner and goes with him to his farm. Said farm looks like the public library and houses Fay Bainter, Robert Young and his wife, Maggie S. You get the setup: Joan and Robert are attracted to each other and there ensues an involved period in which no one knows who's in love with whom. Melvyn Douglas does an excellent job as Joan's husband.

★ THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—Goldwyn-United Artists

RICH girl poor boy, again. But it's done on a grand scale and furnishes valuable entertainment. Merle Oberon is the daughter of a politician who goes to the Miami house to escape publicity in the face of her father's Presidential campaign and there gets democratic with her maids, Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd. Starved for amusement, Merle goes with them on a blind date and it turns out to be Gary Cooper, a cowboy who is in Florida for the Rodeo. He is sincere about everything and asks her to marry him. She does. The result is that he doesn't know she's rich, because he doesn't like rich girls, and her father doesn't know she is married, since the disgrace of it all would ruin him. How Merle gets out of this mess makes good cinema. Cooper gives his usual fine performance; Miss Oberon is a kind of British Carole Lombard; and Patsy Kelly is in there for the laughs. Harry Davenport, as Merle's uncle, has a grand rôle.

★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

WHEN "Thanks for the Memory" was such a great song hit, Paramount decided they might as well capitalize on it. This is the result. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the married couple who find difficulty in getting along and so able is their work, so well defined the story, so capable the direction that the piece is one of the best comedies of the month. Hope is thoroughly at ease in his rôle of the young novelist, and Miss Ross is very attractive as the young bride, an ex-model who goes back to work so he can write. The nostalgic value of the song is well used when the two separate, with the fact that a Heavenly bundle is on its way doing the rest.

STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A BANG-UP melodrama, this has action, thrills, the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles plays the intelligence service aviator who finds the secret radio station which is inciting natives to rebellion. Dick Cromwell dies in a plane crash while trying to warn the marching troops of an ambush. And there you have it, except for Rochelle Hudson.

★ PRISON WITHOUT BARS—Korda-United Artists

WHILE there is a familiar ring to its crime school plot, new faces and excellent photography put this English picture into the above-average class. Cruelty reigns in a girls' reformatory until the arrival of new superintendent Edna Best. Her clean-up job becomes so absorbing that her neglected fiancé, prison doctor Barry Barnes, transfers his interests to a young inmate, Corinne Luchaire, and the eternal tragic triangle results.

Corinne Luchaire is hauntingly lovely as the incorrigible. Most interesting part of the film is the honest characterizations of minor rôles.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to the fact that we carry a number of unusual features in this issue, we have not printed "Casts of Current Pictures." If, however, any reader desires a particular cast of a picture reviewed this month and will drop us a card, we shall be happy to forward the cast in question.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

A rich period piece, elaborately embroidered with spectacular sets, huge crowds of peasants and princes and charmingly acted by the chief protagonists, Ronald Colman as *Francois*, the 15th Century poet-adventurer, and Basil Rathbone (superb) as the sly, craven *Louis XI*. Frances Dee is de-lightful as the lady-in-waiting who captures Colman's heart after Ellen Drew has had it. This is your dish. (*Dec.*)

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "roving reporter" series finds Michael Whalen again the intrepid newsman involved in a night-club murder when the villain steals the witness, Jean Rogers. Oh, well, it all works out. A weak sister. (*Jan.*)

★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for her growing-up talents in this gay picture. Daughter of a depression ruined architect (Charles Farrell), she manages to charm a flint-hearted old mogul into putting papa back into big-time money. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Cora Witherspoon, Bill Robinson and others do their stuff. (*Jan.*)

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

A hard-fisted drama of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston, who forget their feuds to hunt for J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict hiding aboard a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, the ship's nurse, is calmly beautiful through the bloody fracas; Harry Carey is clever as the captain. Pretty brutal. (*Dec.*)

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Columbia

A genuine understanding of the problems of young marrieds is evident in this simple tale. Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross are the couple whose attempts to keep up with the Joneses force a re-adjustment in their lives after much action and some suspense. Very nice. (*Dec.*)

LISTEN DARLING—M-G-M

This little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it is fresh as a daisy. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, daughter Judy Garland and son Freddie Bartholomew decide to take a hand, find a perfect papa for a ready-made family in Walter Pidgeon. It's very funny. (*Jan.*)

★ MAD MISS MANTON, THE—RKO-Radio

Miss Stanwyck, carrying her furs with great aplomb as a Park Avenue heiress, runs afoul a murder in the first reel. Bodies continually disappear, but "Babs" and her coterie of debs clear up a crime wave in a swank way to the disgust of Henry Fonda, a hard-working reporter. You will grin like silly all the way through. (*Jan.*)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

It's warbling Gene Autry to the rescue when real estate sharks take over a ghost town. Carol Hughes does little but look pretty, Sally Payne is funny, Smiley Burdette is around as Autry's aide. Lots of cowboy heroics. (*Nov.*)

★ MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO-Radio

A heart-appealing story of a country doctor more interested in the life and death of his patients than in his bank account. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints him, Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, are splendid, but it's Edward Ellis, as the medicine man, who steals his own show. (*Dec.*)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (*Oct.*)

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Due to expert technical direction and Technicolor, this is in the main an exciting, if sketchy, saga of men's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Basting it together is a triangle love affair between Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland. Great spectacle. (*Jan.*)

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors close with no one around, thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, wanders around murmuring proverbs while solving a murder. Of all the nonsensical pictures, this takes the biscuit. (*Nov.*)

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

Just as daffy as the title indicates, this allows Joe Penner to be band leader, Ping-pong champion, football player and general campus cut-up . . . and he'll make you laugh in the bargain. Otherwise just another college pix. (*Dec.*)

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

A too mediocre college film, until Sonja Henie gets on the ice—then the screen becomes magic. English Richard Greene (his accent is impossible) is her beau ideal; Cesar Romero is again a playboy caught in the clutches of gold-digger Louise Hovick. See this for Sonja's lovely ballet and for her smiling self. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Republic

Possibly on a double bill you will grab this little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets past hijackers with a respirator to help Bob Armstrong's sick brother. June Travis is easy to look at. (*Dec.*)

★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

In this series of eight shorts, Mickey Mouse's father proves again the ineffable amusement in animated cartoons. "Ferdinand the Bull," "The Ugly Duckling," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood," "Donald's Lucky Day," "The Practical Pig," "Goofy and Wilbur," "The Brave Little Tailor" and "Barnyard Symphony" . . . we hope you catch each and every one. (*Dec.*)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits you who expect just another movie and find here a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, a poor girl—but proud. Lew Ayres, as the complaining cousin, is priceless and Lana Turner looks button-cute. (*Nov.*)

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action-drama, second in the series of sports-adventure pictures dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Armetta is again the garrulous, lovable *Papa Gambini*. Thomas Beck, Henry Arthur and Joan Valerie round out the cast. (*Nov.*)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal

Hope Hampton looms as a new screen personality who sings divinely, looks ditto. The story is a satire on divorce in a Nevada setting with Randy Scott as the rancher husband who teaches his changeable wife a good lesson in matrimony. Glenda Farrell, Helen Broderick and Alan Marshal are able support. (*Nov.*)

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

The mad Marxes in the screen version of the play that rocked Broadway. It concerns a down-at-the-heel producer who boards his whole company at a hotel, is then at his wits end to get any bread to put butter on for them all. Frank Albertson, Donald MacBride, Philip Loeb and the Marxes themselves will have you hysterical with laughter at moments. (*Dec.*)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* family in one of the fastest comedies in the series. June Carlson wins a radio contest; *Ma Jones* then goes on the air, swindlers step in, the clan goes to her support and wonderful things happen till you are pretty hysterical. The usual cast. (*Nov.*)

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a good idea in a woman running a personal service bureau on the look out for a husband, but the humor missed fire. Connie Bennett is the inventive business gal, Vincent Price (late of "Victoria Regina" on the stage) does nicely in his first screen rôle. (*Jan.*)

★ SISTERS, THE—Warners

Myron Brinig's novel dealing with the varying romances of three sisters, against a San Francisco background in the early '90's, emerges on the screen as one of the great emotional dramas of the year. Emphasized is the marriage of Bette Davis to a drunken, irresponsible newspaper man, Errol Flynn. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are outstanding. On your "must" list. (*Dec.*)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

100% Americanism patriotically glorified in this sentimental piece concerning a former soldier dishonorably discharged and the effect of this on his two sons who wish to join the Legion. Tim Holt, Billy Cook, Billy Lee, Lynne Overman and Elizabeth Patterson contribute touching moments. (*Dec.*)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

A high-spirited tale of friendship between two men (Henry Fonda and George Raft) in the days of fierce fishermen feuds in the salmon waters of Alaska, this is sometimes an epic, often an error. Louise Campbell and Dot Lamour are "the women," but Slicker, the seal, steals the show. The photography and fights scenes are superb—so is John Barrymore. (*Nov.*)

★ STABLEMATES—M-G-M

As a workout for the tear ducts, this is another in the four-handkerchief class. Wallace Beery has again his sad-eyed "Champ" rôle as the discredited horse doctor; Mickey Rooney, with a heart of gold, is his pal. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gateson are elegant support. The Rooney is quite at home. (*Dec.*)

STORM, THE—Universal

A whirlwind of action takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, he-man wireless operator, and sea captain Barton MacLane, put on terrific brawls when Bickford's pal, Preston Foster, dies on shipboard. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are loverlike; Andy Devine and Frank Jenks supply the comedy. (*Jan.*)

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

Three bad men on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this race-track story with their usual balminess. Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks are the nag's owners; they land behind the eight ball and so does the horse. Ethel Merman's torch songs are swell. (*Dec.*)

★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

An excitingly well-handled story of the splinter fleet, that World War group of ships which hunted enemy submarines. Richard Greene is the rich snob shown the error of his ways by Nancy Kelly (Zanuck's new find—and nice); Preston Foster is swell as the officer who heroically regains his lost reputation. Very fine. (*Jan.*)

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) told, you will be highly entertained watching Tyrone Power as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, dig the Suez Canal. Loretta Young, as *Empress Eugenie*, and Annabella, as a French gamin with a heart of gold, take his mind off his work at times. The photography, the simoon sequence and the supporting cast are exciting. (*Jan.*)

★ SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

The new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film has the famous team married, playing in a stage success, separated by the machinations of Frank Morgan, a producer, Mischa Auer, a playwright, and Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood agent. This has beauty and the delicious melodies of Victor Herbert sung by the pair—both in perfect voice. (You'll go without any of our remarks.) (*Jan.*)

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

Cops and robbers are played again with Bruce Cabot surprisingly on the side of the law. You'll remember Tommy Ryan, a youthful newcomer, who is finally persuaded by Cabot that there is no gain in guns. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with the policeman. (*Nov.*)

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

Check up another triumph for Deanna Durbin's singing in this story of a young girl's infatuation for an older man (Melvyn Douglas) and her reaction to the pangs of first love. Irene Rich and John Halliday as Deanna's parents and Jackie Cooper as her beau are exceptional support. Delightful. (*Dec.*)

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

A dated story on the "It Happened One Night" angle with Freddie March miscast as the newsman chasing Virginia Bruce, an heiress bored with her dough. Patsy Kelly is Ginny's shop-girl friend and gets any laughs there are. If you are a devotee of the goofy school. (*Dec.*)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

All the ingredients in this pie are A-No. 1. It offers Bob Montgomery as an author, his old-time rôle as sophisticate, Janet Gaynor as the naïve little country wench whom he falls in love with on a lecture tour. Franchot Tone is a playboy publisher, also nuts about Janet. The dialogue is particularly good and all the principals are at their best. (*Nov.*)

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

A spectacular saga of newsreel men and an aviatrix, filled with explosive action and suspense. Gable is at his exuberant best as the sly cameraman who uses his charm to entice flyer Myrna Loy to fake a few shots, finally wins her from rival Walter Pidgeon in fine style. If you liked "Test Pilot," you'll be nuts about this sequel. (*Dec.*)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

John Howard is the smart-aleck ace football hero who comes to West Point, takes a beating because he isn't "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, then puts in her oar, and Love and the Army team set out to win. Straight autumn cinema. (*Dec.*)

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

We thought we had said finis to screwball comedies schooled in an asylum, but no . . . Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are pretty dizzy in this one, marrying in haste and repenting in leisure. Reginald Owen is perfect as the capitalist father who wants miracles of service because he pays his taxes, doesn't he? (*Dec.*)

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

Buttressed with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, Peter B. Kyne's rugged story of the California redwoods adds up thus—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and Claire Trevor play their straightforward rôles in character. Worth seeing. (*Nov.*)

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

Frank Capra has miraculously transferred the daffy doings of *Grandpa Vanderhof* from the stage to the screen. An appealing love story, a subtle commentary on American life filled with delicious humor, a slick job of casting and acting—what more do you want? Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer—each is beautiful. (*Nov.*)

★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their jobs with sincere competency in this conventional story of a veteran physician's faith in a young intern who prefers a metropolitan hospital ward to country practice, lands in trouble when he defies a rich patient. Jo Ann Sayers (new to films) is Ayres' romance. (*Jan.*)

★ YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Introducing a giddy family which lives by its wits on other people's pocketbooks. Billie Burke is the flighty mamma; Roland Young, the upstart father; Janet Gaynor and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brother and sister. Paulette Goddard is Doug's heart interest, Richard Carlson, Janet's. Minnie Dupree is elegant as the rich old lady who changes the family's tune. A good job. (*Jan.*)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

There is something satisfying in this unpretentious picture of a girl's attempts to follow the adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Joel McCrea couldn't be better as the Kansas farmer boy who yearns for the sea; Andrea Leeds is prettily adequate as the shop girl. Lots of chuckles. (*Dec.*)

So many prefer this golden liquid lotion that isn't thick and is guaranteed not to thicken. Chamberlain's Lotion is ideal to protect skin in wintry weather. It dries with convenient rapidity and there's never a trace of stickiness. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and resulting redness. You'll like Chamberlain's Lotion, too. Try it and see.

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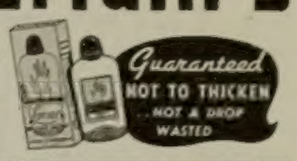

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(Continued from page 65)

"Yes," I answered feebly, "but may I have a glass of cold water first, please?"

Like thousands of other little girls in Hollywood and towns everywhere, Juanita lives, quietly and happily, in a modest but lovely little home in a peaceful residential section of the city.

To Wayne and Martha Quigley who already had two children, Juanita was born in Hollywood on June 24, 1931, and immediately became the pride and joy of her older brother and sister.

"I'm a native daughter," she explains to everyone with great emphasis.

Her father, owner of several grocery markets, beamed with pride at her first tooth, at her ability when only two years old to master unusually long words. Later, of course, the whole family practically burst with joy when baby Juanita (the only theatrically minded Quigley) made her movie debut.

She was a "natural." Hollywood, five years later, found that out. You, who have seen "That Certain Age," have also discovered it.

A child's behavior abroad is a reflection of his behavior home—sometimes. Nerves, excitement or fatigue can throw the scales off balance, *naturally*, as Juanita would say. But, discounting these exceptions, the rule works. So, before I give you a picture of this child at work, let's go back to Juanita at home and survey, briefly, the causes behind those effects that take place outside the home.

At three o'clock every afternoon there's a flurry of excitement in the Quigley household. Rita, aged fifteen, gets in from school about the time eighteen-year-old Quentin, in from his school, bangs open the back door with a loud, "Hey, what's in the ice box?"

There's a squeal, a quick flash of bare legs as Juanita, head on, meets her big brother and sister in the hall for a mad scramble of hugs, kisses and giggles.

The baby alligator in the backyard must then be inspected, and its face washed again and again. Juanita has a fixed idea its scaly surface is plain, old, out-and-out dirt.

THERE are two treats for Juanita that inevitably follow dinner. The evening walk and the evening story, that usually comes from the same little story book.

When working, dialogue is learned by her mother reading the whole scene aloud to Juanita who, in ten minutes, can repeat back, not only her own, but everyone else's lines.

"Naturally," she says, giving the eye business again, "Mother is a great help."

There is no correction of faults in public or before visitors. Quietly, Mrs. Quigley sits in the background, allowing Juanita, unhampered, to be herself. Sessions take place in the bedroom later.

Invitations to her parties are designed and written by Juanita to the guests she, herself, chooses.

Famous children in pictures are lauded, praised, talked of as if Juanita had never even seen Hollywood herself.

"We even saw Shirley Temple once," Mrs. Quigley said, "and just think of the thousands of children who would give anything just to see Shirley."

Juanita agrees with her lips. Her eyes reveal an inner suspicion that just seeing Shirley isn't nearly the thrillingly hot event her mother imagines. Not as long as Jackie Searl exists in the world, at least.

Along about twilight however, comes the event that sends visitors out the Quigley front door, eyes fogged with tears, knees bended to the genius within the plump short body of a little girl.

It happens when Juanita climbs atop the volume labeled "History of Western Civilization" that rests on the piano bench and her feet touch a stool placed beneath. It happens when her absurdly small hands pause a moment over the keys and then, quickly flashing up and down the keyboard, bring forth the breath-taking melodies of the masters.

Tiny soldiers in bright red uniforms seem to march bravely up and down the rug as Juanita plays the stirring strains of Schubert's "Marche Militaire." Laughter floats from her fingers in "Feu Folette."

In just another short year or so Juanita Quigley will make one of the most sensational personal appearance tours ever made by a star. Juanita, according to her teacher and musical experts, will tour the world as a concert pianist.

HER adjustment from a little girl at home, to tempestuous, fast-talking actress of the cinema, is, to me, the most remarkable thing about her, except, perhaps, her unbelievably long lashes.

The youngest member of the cast of "That Certain Age," she immediately became one of them, with equal say, equal consideration, equal importance.

To most of the cast she was "The Pest" and she loved it. To Jackie Cooper she was "Old Lady." "Come on, Old Lady," he'd say, "let's go get an icecream cone."

To Deanna she was a friend on equal footing, with knitting, music and the disadvantages of seven over sixteen to be discussed.

Occasionally, stories of her cleverness are repeated by Juanita, pointing the way to rocks ahead.

"And so," she told me, "when the producer, Mr. Pasternak, asked me for a date seventeen years from New Year's I just said, 'Sorry, but I don't make engagements that far ahead.'"

Somewhere, someone along the line has fumbled badly in permitting Juanita to realize her own intuitive cleverness is worthy of emphasis. But, even then, I count on her normalcy and sound sense to pull her over the dangerous rocks of being a future smart aleck.

Jackie Searl, who always found a shady seat under a location scene for the little girl, who always saw she had a cool drink of water, is her favorite—her first crush.

The consideration of age is the one and only thing that cuts and wounds her deeply. When director Ludwig invited all the children of the cast except Juanita to a dinner and a preview of horror pictures, she was crushed when she found it out.

"But, Butch," he tried to explain, "I felt you were too young for horror pictures."

"Yes, well what about the dinners. I eat, you know."

Juanita attended the next Ludwig party. But even then she hadn't quite forgiven him. She rose to her feet for an impromptu after-dinner speech.

"It's been wonderful," she toasted. "And thank you Deanna or whoever's responsible for this dinner," she added hurriedly, with a quick flash of the eyes at Ludwig.

And now she's on her golden way—up the ladder—with more and more pictures waiting. It will be interesting to watch and follow her upward. Unless she travels too fast for an old lady to follow. Which wouldn't surprise me.

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1938

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

ANOTHER cinematic year has gone by and the time has come to decide which of all the many screen offerings will not only be privileged to be treasured in your memory as a perfect picture, but will, because of that excellence, win the outstanding annual award for merit, PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal.

We are always immensely interested in our readers' voting; it furnishes a splendid cross section of information on "what the public wants." Though most studio heads insist—and rightly—that the one duty of a motion picture is to entertain, few can quarrel with the idea also advanced that this medium is something more than an escapist's paradise. Films are playing an increasingly important rôle in world affairs; they are the greatest source of education in the world today.

The balloting on "The Best Picture of the Year" will be close; it always is. Thus it behooves you to send in your vote today so that your particular favorite will have a lead. To jog your memory, we list on this page outstanding pictures of the past year. Needless to say, space does not permit us to list all the superb pictures released; if your pet is not here, vote for it anyway; it will be counted with the rest. This has been a controversial year. Medical films are nip and tuck with historical dramas; wacky comedy and sinister crime films continue heavily in the running. The musicals, though not so numerous as in past years, still have their place on any moviegoer's "must see" list.

There are no rules in this election. You either fill out the ballot below or write your choice on a slip of paper and mail to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

DON'T FAIL TO VOTE FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1933! The picture that wins the most votes wins PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal.

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Adventures of Robin Hood, The
Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The
Algiers
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The
Angels with Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Blackwell's Island
Blockade
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
Boy Meets Girl
Boys Town
Bringing Up Baby
Brother Rat
Buccaneer, The
Carefree
Citadel, The
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crime School
Crowd Roars, The
Dawn Patrol
Dramatic School
Drums
Four Daughters
Goldwyn Follies
Girl of the Golden West, The
Gunga Din
Happy Landing
Having Wonderful Time
Holiday
If I Were King
In Old Chicago
Jezebel
Joy of Living
Just Around the Corner
Letter of Introduction
Lord Jeff
Love and Hisses
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad About Music
Mad Miss Manton
Mannequin
Man to Remember
Marie Antoinette
Men with Wings
Merrily We Live
Of Human Hearts
Rage of Paris, The
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Room Service
Shining Hour, The
Shopworn Angel
Sing, You Sinners
Sisters, The
Slight Case of Murder, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Sweethearts
Submarine Patrol
Suez
Test Pilot
Texans, The
That Certain Age
Three Loves Has Nancy
Three Comrades
Too Hot to Handle
Toy Wife, The
Trade Winds
Valley of the Giants
Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
You Can't Take It with You
Young in Heart, The
Yellow Jack

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In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938

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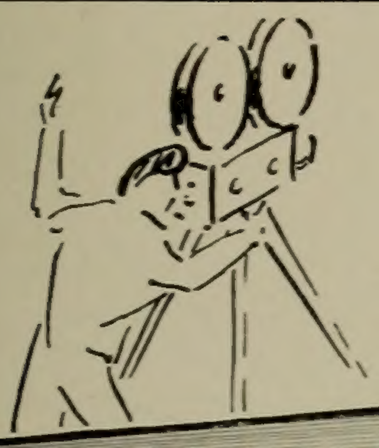

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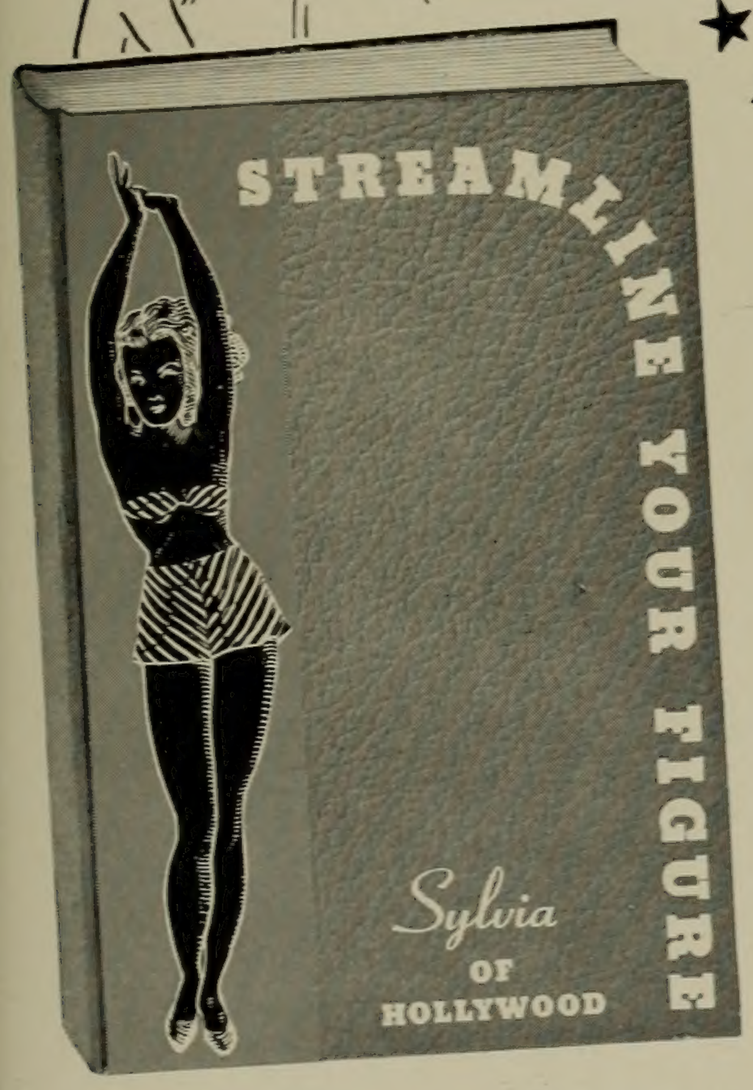

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